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### DRAMATIC LITERATURE.—No. III.

THE rise and progress of Dramatic Literature among the Greeks are peculiarly interesting, as representing the taste, sentiment, and moral feelings of the times. The high feeling of moral dignity, which pervades the tragedies of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, degenerated in those of *Euripides*;—who, though he possessed greater advantages in accomplishments, failed in the tragic tone of elevated sentiment, and supplied with pity and sorrowful lamentation, the place which had been occupied with sublimity and pathos by his predecessors. The temper of the times is well displayed in the works of the Greek tragedians, and the grades of taste, which distinguished the various classes of the community, are manifested by the estimation in which the tragedians were respectively regarded. We are informed, in history, that *Euripides* was the favourite of the common people: and that *Sophocles* and *Æschylus* were admired by the more learned of the community. In this respect, there was no deviation from the natural course of events; for, it is but reasonable that authors should be appreciated from the sympathies which they create in the breasts of others, more than from their intrinsic excellence. The difference between those who write for immortality, and such as pander to the tastes of a present age, is exemplified by the instances furnished by these poets. The sublimity of *Æschylus* found a responsive throe in the breasts of such of his audience as delighted in the majesty of nature, under the influence of a tempest; the feeling thus imparted was consistent with the wild aspect of the poet's mind, and the yet unripe state of the tragic art. The softer polish which *Sophocles* applied to his productions, suited to a more cultivated imagination, and the complex feelings of a more elevated taste. We may imagine the effect produced by the representation of one of his tragedies, in a theatre, which “comprehended the various declivities of

Mount Hymettus, and overlooked the emporium of Pyreus, with its three ports," and above which "towered the Acropolis, crowned by the majestic Parthenon."\* The eye, in tearful contemplation, could there range over the face of verdant nature for relief, whilst the soft zephyr gently fanned the countenance, glowing with the excitement produced by agitated feelings, and the effulgent radiance of the sun. Such an association of circumstances is calculated to explain that seeming paradox, called "the harmony of contrast," and the general effect produced on the mind, by the blending of delightful objects in natural display. The covered theatres of modern times, with all their artificial decorations, can give but a faint idea of the ancient Scalæ, wherever a multitude of thousands † were seated open to the sky, before the ornamental front of the *λογεῖον* and the rich façade of the *Σκηνή*: and the complicated powers of modern music, though calculated to raise a temporary enthusiasm, or to gratify scientific taste, cannot compensate for the simple melody of the lyre and the lute, as accompaniments to the lyric poetry of the ancient chorus. The fortunate coincidence of circumstances which attended the Greeks, was favourable to the susceptibility of mind—the love of glory—the cultivation of the arts—and the highest efforts of genius. The Athenians, in particular, had a high relish for ideal beauty; and, though they were a people less practical than the moderns, they sought instruction more than amusement. This peculiarity of character can easily be accounted for, if we reflect on the general diffusion of knowledge among them, their opportunities of hearing the sentiments of their poets, philosophers, and orators, and of beholding the most splendid monuments of their greatness, from the hands of their sculptors. Every attainment of the human mind was in common among them, when they proceeded beyond the threshold of their habitations. It was only there that custom perverted the intellectual stream; but when they went abroad, they experienced all the advantages of an extensive education. The difference between those who excelled in any particular acquirement, and the multitude was merely gradual, and even such persons as were restricted by their avocations from the highest cultivation, felt a sympathy, which made them accomplished critics. They all could judge

\* See Valpy's *Æschylus*, Harford's translation of the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, and Leake's *Athens*.

† Treating the passage in the *Symposium* of Plato—that the theatre of Bacchus could contain thirty thousand spectators—as hyperbolical, yet it may be fairly admitted on the opinion of Mr. Cockell, that 13,000 persons could be well accommodated in the ancient theatres.

of excellence, though all could not achieve it. Learning was not domiciliated in palaces, but the grove was the school, and their public places afforded the arena for the display of talent. Wealth conferred but few exclusive privileges, even in the form of government established by Solon, but Aristides and Pericles abolished even these, and gave a community of interest and feeling in the state, nearly approaching to absolute equality. We speak not in admiration of such a state of things, in reference to their political institutions; for anarchy prevailed over order, and caprice oftentimes succeeded to well-merited favour. So unstable is the multitude in their sentiments. Still it must be admitted, that such a community of interest tended to the cultivation of literature and the arts; though its baneful influence, under a corrupt religion, produced their decline. But we shall enter more minutely into the causes which produced the wreck of dramatic literature in Greece, in the order of our treatise in a future essay, our present object being to trace the rise and progress of it, after having endeavoured to manifest its connexion with the taste and condition of a people.

Æschylus is denominated the father of tragedy; for it was he who rendered it worthy of a place in the annals of Grecian literature. Disdaining the low buffoonery which amused the vulgar, he strove to elevate human nature to his own standard, by directing the minds of the Athenian people to a lofty range of thought; and flourishing in the full bloom of Grecian freedom, in the era which followed the defeat of Xerxes, he put forth the mighty efforts of his genius to render his country worthy of her promising advantages of peace, leisure, commerce, and wealth. Having beheld the glorious struggles of the Grecian confederacy, and been an actor in the theatre of war, he was imbued with the most heroic sentiments. His conception of human nature was purely ideal, but the object he had in view, though unattainable to the full extent, had a tendency to create sublimity of thought and action. In his tragedy of the Persians he speaks in terms of high compliment to his countrymen of the triumph obtained at the Battle of Salamis. Schlegel says that the poet sung the triumph in an *indirect* manner, but nothing can be more direct than the allusion. When the messenger arrives at the Persian capital, after communicating to Atossa, the mother of Xerxes, the total destruction of the Persian fleet, the following dialogue ensues:—

Atossa. This is the height of ill, ah me! and shame  
To Persia, grief, and lamentation loud.  
But tell me this, afresh renew thy tale;  
What was the number of the Grecian fleet,  
That in fierce conflict their bold barks should dare  
Rush to encounter with the Persian hosts?

Mess. Know then, in numbers the barbaric fleet  
 Was far superior : in ten squadrons, each  
 Of thirty ships, Greece ploughed the deep ; of these  
 One held a distant station. Xerxes led  
 A thousand ships ; their number well I know ;  
 Two hundred more, and seven, that swept the seas  
 With speediest sail : this was their full amount.  
 And in the engagement seem'd we not secure  
 Of victory ? But unequal Fortune sunk  
 Our scale in fight, discomfiting our host.

Aross. The gods preserve the city of Minerva.

Mess. The walls of Athens are impregnable,  
 Their firmest bulwarks, her heroic sons.

It has been justly remarked by an elegant writer, that there is no great art in the construction of this drama, but it has one passage fraught with the highest interest, from its giving a more spirited and lively description than is elsewhere to be found of the great naval victory of Salamis.\* The following are the passages which point that interesting event, and the facts which bear resemblance to the narration of Herodotus.

Aross. Which navy first advanced to the attack ?  
 Who led to the onset, tell me ; the bold Greeks,  
 Or glorying in his numerous fleet, my son ?

Mess. Our evil genius, lady, or some god  
 Hostile to Persia, led to ev'ry ill.  
 Forth from the troops of Athens came a Greek,  
 And thus address'd thy son, the imperial Xerxes :—  
 ' Soon as the shades of night descend, the Grecians  
 Shall quit their station ; rushing to their oars  
 They mean to separate, and in secret flight  
 Seek safety !' At these words, the royal chief,  
 Little conceiving of the wiles of Greece  
 And gods averse, to all the naval leaders  
 Gave his high charge ;— ' Soon as yon sun shall cease  
 To dart his radiant beams, and dark'ning night  
 Ascends the temple of the sky, arrange  
 In three divisions your well-order'd ships,—  
 And guard each pass, each outlet of the seas :  
 Others encircling around this rocky isle  
 Of Salamis. Should Greece escape her fate,  
 And work her way by secret flight, your heads  
 Shall answer the neglect.' This harsh command  
 He gave exulting in his mind, nor knew  
 What Fate design'd. With martial discipline  
 And prompt obedience, snatching a repast,  
 Each mariner fix'd well his ready-oar.  
 Soon as the golden sun was set, and night

\* See the essay on the drama prefixed to the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus translated from the Greek, by John S. Harford, Esq. D.C.L. F.R.S. published by Mr. Murray.



Advanced, each train'd to ply the dashing oar,  
 Assumed his seat; in arms each warrior stood,  
 Troop cheering troop through all the ships of war:  
 Each to the appointed station steers his course;  
 And through the night his naval force each chief  
 Fix'd to secure the passes. Night advanced,  
 But not by secret flight did Greece attempt  
 To escape. The moon, all beauteous to behold,  
 Drawn by white steeds bounds o'er the enlighten'd earth;  
 At once from ev'ry Greek with glad acclaim  
 Burst forth the song of war, whose lofty notes  
 The echo of the island rocks return'd,  
 Spreading dismay through Persia's hosts thus fallen  
 From their high hopes; no flight this solemn strain  
 Portended, but deliberate valour bent  
 On daring battle; whilst the trumpet's sound  
 Kindled the flames of war. But when their oars,  
 The pean ended, with impetuous force  
 Dash'd the resounding surges, instant all  
 Rush'd on in view; in orderly array  
 The squadron on the right first led, behind  
 Rode their whole fleet; and now distinct we heard  
 From ev'ry part this voice of exhortation:—  
 'Advance, ye sons of Greece, from thralldom save  
 Your country, save your wives, your children save,  
 The temples of your gods, the sacred tomb  
 Where rest your honour'd ancestors; this day  
 The common cause of all demands your valor.'  
 Meantime from Persia's hosts the deep'ning shout  
 Answer'd their shout; no time for cold delay;  
 But ship 'gainst ship its brazen beak impell'd.  
 First to the charge a Grecian galley rush'd;  
 Ill the Phœnician bore the rough attack,  
 Its sculptured prow all shatter'd. Each advanced  
 Daring an opposite. The deep array  
 Of Persia at the first sustain'd the encounter;  
 But their throng'd numbers, in the narrow seas  
 Confined, want room for action; and, deprived  
 Of mutual aid, beaks clash with beaks, and each  
 Breaks all the other's oars: with skill disposed  
 The Grecian navy circled them around  
 With fierce assault; and rushing from its height  
 The inverted vessel sinks: the sea no more  
 Wears its accustom'd aspect, with foul wrecks  
 And blood disfigured; floating carcasses  
 Roll on the rocky shores: the poor remains  
 Of the barbaric armament to flight  
 Ply ev'ry oar inglorious: onward rush the  
 Greeks amidst the ruins of the fleet,  
 As through a shoal of fish caught in the net,

Spreading destruction : the wide ocean o'er  
 Wailings are heard, and loud laments, till night  
 With darkness on her brow brought grateful truce.  
 Should I recount each circumstance of wo,  
 Ten times on my unfinish'd tale the sun  
 Would set ; for be assured that not one day  
 Could close the ruin of so vast a host.

Æschylus not only clothed tragedy with a dignity, suitable to its high character, assigned to it all the scenic pomp necessary for its display, and fully developed the dialogue, but he was the first to give to the fable or plot the principal station, and to render the lyrical part merely a subservient accompaniment. His action, however, frequently (to use the technical, though somewhat paradoxical language of dramatists) stands still. He is deficient in the management of his developement and catastrophe, and the undue length of his choral songs tends to exhibit this defect. But as Schlegel observes, all his poetry betrays a sublime and serious mind. Terror is his element, and not the softer affections ; he holds up the head of Medusa to his astonished spectators. His manner of treating fate is austere in the extreme : he suspends it over the heads of mortals in all its gloomy majesty. The cothurnas of Æschylus has, as it were, an iron weight : gigantic figures alone stalk before our eyes. It seems as if it required an effort in him, to condescend to paint mere men to us : he abounds most in the representation of gods, and seems to dwell with particular delight in exhibiting the Titans, those ancient gods who signify the dark powers of primitive nature, and who had long been driven into Tartarus beneath a better world. He endeavours to swell out his language to a gigantic sublimity, corresponding with the standard of his characters. Hence he abounds in harsh combinations and overstrained epithets, and the lyrical parts of his pieces are often obscure in the extreme, from the involved nature of the construction. He resembles Dante and Shakspeare in the very singular cast of his images and expressions. These images are nowise deficient in the terrible graces, which almost all the writers of antiquity celebrate in Æschylus.\*

The true character of this poet's mind is exhibited in his preference of an epitaph which should convey to posterity his part in the victories of Marathon and Salamis, and not perpetuate his fame as a dramatist. The following is the inscription he ordered to be made on his tomb :

\* See a course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, by Augustus William Schlegel, delivered at Vienna.

Αισχέλου Επφορίωνος Αθηναίου τόδε κείθαι  
 Μνήμα καταθήμενον πυροφόροιο Τέλας  
 Άλκην δ' ἐδδέκμιον Μαραθώνιου ἄλσος ἄν εἴποι,  
 Καὶ βαθυχαίτης Μῆδος ἐπιστάμενος.

He well knew the chord that would vibrate in the hearts of his countrymen; but he was unconscious that his works would transcend the wreck of time, and be cherished by an enlightened posterity, when his valour as a general would be only a secondary quality to his genius as a poet, and the enlightening spirit of his muse, would awaken feelings of admiration of his genius, distinguishable from his companions in arms in the glades of Marathon.

His desire to shine with the dazzling lustre of a hero, is also manifested in the *Seven before Thebes*.

Our readers may have read, that Polynices, the son of Œdipus and Jocasta, having been deprived of his portion of dominions by his brother Eteocles, procured the assistance of his father-in-law, Adrastus, king of Argos, and five other chiefs, who advanced before Thebes. The two contending brothers were slain in single combat, and Adrastus was the only chief who survived the war. The Theban senators, when delivered from the apprehension of a hostile occupation of their city, refuse the rites of sepulture to the Argives who had been slain, but Antigone openly resisted the mandate, and prepared to perform those rites to Polynices, her brother. It is, however, unnecessary to enter into all the circumstances of the plot; but in illustration of the warlike mind of Æschylus, sufficient is evinced in the following extract from the address of the soldier to Eteocles, and the chorus.\*

SOL. Illustrious king of Thebes, I bring thee tidings  
 Of firm assurance from the foe; these eyes  
 Beheld each circumstance. Seven valiant chiefs  
 Slew on the black-orb'd shield the victim bull,  
 And dipping in the gore their furious hands,  
 In solemn oath attest the god of war,  
 Bellona, and the carnage-loving power  
 Of terror, sworn from their firm base to rend  
 These walls, and lay their ramparts in the dust;  
 Or, dying, with their warm blood steep this earth.  
 Each in Adrastus' car some dear remembrance  
 Piled to their distant parents, whilst their eyes  
 Dropp'd tears, but on their face was no remorse.  
 Each soul of iron glowing with the rage  
 Of valor, as the lion when he glares  
 Determined battle. What I now relate  
 Sleeps not, nor lingers: round the urn I left them,

\* See Potter's translation of Æschylus.

By the lot deciding to what gate each chief  
 Shall lead his forces. These again select  
 The best, the bravest of the sons of Thebes,  
 And instant, at the gates assign their stations.  
 For all in arms the Argive host comes on  
 Involved in dust, and from the snorting steeds  
 The thick foam falls, and dews the whiten'd fields.

## CHORUS.

Wo, wo, intolerable wo !  
 —Fierce from their camps the hosts advance,  
 Before their march with thundering tread  
 Proud o'er the plain their fiery coursers prance,  
 And hither bend their footsteps dread :  
 Yon cloud of dust that chokes the air,  
 A true though tongueless messenger,  
 Marks plain the progress of the foe.  
 And now the horrid clash of arms,  
 That, like the torrent, whose impetuous tide  
 Roars down the mountain's craggy side,  
 Shakes the wide fields with fierce alarms,  
 With nearer terrors strike our souls,  
 And through our chaste recesses rolls.  
 Hear, all ye powers of heaven, propitious hear,  
 And check the furies of this threat'ning war !

The crowded walls around  
 Loud clamours rend the sky ;  
 Whilst ranged in deep array the embattled powers  
 Their silver shields lift high,  
 And level with the ground  
 To lay their rampired heads, assail our towers.  
 What guardian god shall I implore ?  
 Bending at what sacred shrine  
 Call from their happy seats what powers divine,  
 And suppliant ev'ry sculptured form adore ?  
 The time demands it : why then, why delay ?—  
 The sound of arms swells on my afflicted ear.—  
 Hold now the pail, the garland, as you pray.—  
 Hark ! 'tis the rude clash of no single spear.

We have in a former essay alluded to the trilogy of the Grecian Dramatists. The trilogy was a succession of three pieces represented in one day, a fourth piece, a satirical drama, was sometimes added to them. Thus the poet, in the early times of the dramatic art, did not contend for the prize with a single piece. The reason assigned for this custom is, that as a tragedy could not be lengthened in the same way as an epic poem, and as the unities of time and place were much

regarded by the ancients, it became necessary to convert three pieces together, to complete the cycle of the actions without violation of the laws which had been imposed on the art. By this conjunction, greater satisfaction was given to the audience than could be afforded by a single action, and the poet was enabled to traverse a wider field of thought, without being fettered in his design. The *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoræ*, and the *Eumenides* comprise the trilogy of *Æschylus*: and they represent the thesis, the anti-thesis, and the connexion. Thus, the first is the murder of *Agamemnon*, by his queen *Clytemnestra*, on his return from the siege of *Troy*. The second represents the murder of *Clytemnestra*, by her son *Orestes*, to avenge his father's death, and the third displays a contention among the gods, some of whom approve, whilst others disapprove of the conduct of *Orestes*.

The Greek tragedians, though they rendered man as the creature of a blind and inevitable destiny, strove to ascribe an impelling, but an often times remote cause for a catastrophe. The bad conduct of an ancestor was esteemed as a sufficient cause for the occurrence of a woful event to a descendant, at any distance of time, while, on the other hand, the instrument of vengeance was rendered amenable to a fatality, though it had been impossible for him to avert his evil part. Motives, however powerful, afforded no pretext or protection, and the hapless being was plunged into a vortex of inextricable guilt and misery, if his conduct had been contrary to the kindred laws of nature, though it were justifiable from outraged feelings or political retaliation. In this latter view, we cannot too highly reverence the character of the ancients: as it was highly patriarchal and replete with noble sentiment. No balance of good—no private hostility from the most violent provocation—no public policy—could justify the commission of an action, which in its nature was morally unjust. But we cannot bestow commendation on their low estimate of human nature, by a denial of free agency to the being perpetrating the offensive retaliation; and much more obnoxious must it be to our feelings, to charge the commission of crime to the innocent descendants of a hateful house. "*Facto pius et sceleratus eodem*" is a good aphorism, but to render it applicable, the individual ought to have acted under the agency of his own will, or be placed in circumstances to avoid the commission of the deed. The cruelty of *Atreus*, the father of *Agamemnon*, in causing the fruit of an incestuous intercourse of *Thyestes* to be served up to the latter, at a feast, was the reputed cause of the evils which attended his house; and the motive assigned by *Clytemnestra* for the murder of *Agamemnon*, was his ambitious sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, in *Aulis*, to effect the departure of the Grecian fleet.

The Agamemnon is esteemed as the finest tragedy of Æschylus: Cassandra, his prisoner of war and mistress, is a most original and powerfully drawn character; she foresees all the impending horrors of the catastrophe, and utters, in prophetic strains, the dark decrees of his inevitable destiny.

(To be continued.)

### THE SONG OF THE GIFTED.

It is a tone,  
The soul and source of music, which makes known  
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,  
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
Binding all things with beauty;... 'twould disarm  
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm. BYRON.

THE lyre—it consecrates the brave,  
When battle's thunders roll,  
And like the trumpet's thrilling voice  
Awakes the human soul.  
Its moral beauty makes the heart  
An undivided shrine;  
Thine empire is my own, proud lyre!  
Thy glorious gifts are mine!

The gliding moon, the silent stars,  
The spell-bound hush of night,  
The clouds, that o'er the sapphire sky,  
Wander in golden light;  
The winds, like children of the storm  
Rejoicing on the sea,  
Have charms impassive to decay,  
Unfelt by all but me.

A nobler dower, immortal lyre!  
Than gems or gold impart,  
Remains for us, who give the sway  
Of impulse to the heart.  
From Alp to Andes, like the voice  
Of torrents in the hills,  
The music of thy hallow'd strings  
The haunts of Nature fills.



The genii of the boundless deep  
Thy magic power obey,  
And e'en the vilest passions yield  
To thy resistless sway;  
The dark recesses of the tomb  
By thee are rent in twain,  
And phantoms of the past arise,  
Restored to us again.

Oh! *when* the hand, that from thy strings  
To fancy's lay gives birth,  
Unites with its congenial dust,  
Or seeks its native earth,  
The beautiful and bright in song,  
Thy spirit shall enshrine,  
And blend, as ages glide away,  
Thy poet's name with thine!

G. R. C.

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#### CAUSE OF THE FINE ARTS IN GREECE.

THAT the mythology of Greece had an influence over its arts, is generally granted; but I am not aware that it has either been shown to be exclusively their cause, or that its mode of operation has ever been explained.

Religion, I may observe, is as natural to man as his weakness and helplessness. There is not one of its systems, not even the vilest, which has not afforded him consolation. Of its higher and better systems, some are equally admirable for the grandeur and the beauty of the truths on which they are founded, the simplicity and the elegance of their ostensible forms, the power and applicability of their symbols, and their sympathy with, and control over, the heart and the imagination.

These high characteristics peculiarly distinguished the religion of ancient Greece.

By bigots we are indeed told, that though Homer is our model in epic, Anacreon in lyric, and Æschylus in dramatic poetry,—though the music of Greece doubtless corresponded to its poetry in beauty, pathos, and grandeur,—though the mere wreck of her sculpture is never overlooked in modern war and negotiation,—though the mere sight of her ruined Parthenon is more than a reward for the fatigue or the peril of a journey to the eternal city,—though these products of art

are the test of the highest civilization which the world has witnessed, though to these chiefly Rome owed the little civilization of which she was capable, and we ourselves the circumstance that, at this hour, we are not, like our ancestors, covered only with blue paint or the skins of brutes,—though all this is true as to the arts of Greece, we are told that, by the strangest exception, the religion of Greece was a base superstition.

That religion, however, was the creator of these arts. They not only could not have existed without it, but they never can be called into existence by any other religion.

The personification of simple beauty, valour, wisdom, or omnipotence, in Venus, Mars, Minerva, or Jupiter, respectively, were essential to the purity and the power of expression of these attributes in the worship of the deities to whom they respectively belonged. The union of absolute beauty and valour in one being, is not more impossible than their union in one expression of homage and admiration. Roundness, smoothness, elegance and grace were as characteristic of the statue, the worship, and temple of the goddess of beauty, as attributes nearly opposite to these were of the stature, the worship and the temple of the god of war. Thus were the fine arts in Greece created by the personification of simple virtues as objects of adoration; and thus is excellence in these fine arts incapable of being elicited by any system of religion in which more than one attribute is ascribed to the god.

They must be ignorant indeed of the wonderful people of whom I now speak, who allege, that the Greeks worshipped the mere statue of the god, and not the personified virtue. Even the history of their beautiful religion proves the reverse. It was the tomb which became the altar, and retained nearly its form. It was the expression of love, of regret, and of veneration for departed virtue, which became divine adoration; and, as individual acts and even individual names were ultimately lost in one transcendent attribute, so were individual forms and features in its purified and ideal representation. Here then, instead of finding the worship of men or their representations, we discover a gradual advance from beings to attributes—from mortal man to eternal virtue, and a corresponding and suitable advance from simple veneration to divine adoration.

When, in great emergencies of the state, the sages and the soldiers of Greece, in solemn procession, repaired to the temple of Minerva, turned their faces toward the statue of the goddess, and prostrated themselves in spirit before her, let the beautiful history of Grecian science tell, whether, in the statue, they worshipped the mere marble structure, or, in its forms and attributes, beheld and adored a personi-

fication of eternal truth and wisdom, and so prepared the mind for deeds which rendered Greece for ever illustrious. Or, when returning from a Marathon or a Salamis, the warriors of Greece, followed by trains of maidens, and matrons, and old men, returned thanks to the god of victories, let the immortal record of the long series of glorious achievements which succeeded these, tell, whether gratitude to the hero was not there identified with homage to the spirit or the divinity that inspired him.

True it is, that whenever physical or moral principles are personified, the ignorant may be led to mistake the sign for that which is signified; but one of the most admirable characteristics of the Grecian mythology is, that, with little effort, every external form may be traced to the spirit which it represents, and every fable may be resolved into a beautiful illustration of physical or moral truth. So that when mystic influences, with encreasing knowledge, ceased to sway the imagination, all powerful truths directed the reason.

The natural and poetical religion of Greece, therefore, differed from false and vulgar religions in this, that it was calculated to hold equal empire over the minds of the ignorant and the wise; and the initiations of Eleusis were apparently the solemn acts by which the youths and maidens of Greece passed from ignorance and blind obedience to knowledge and enlightened zeal. Thus, in that happy region, neither were the priests knaves, nor the people their dupes.\*

And what has been the result of this fundamental excellence? That no interpolated fooleries have been able to destroy it;—that the religion of Greece exists, and must ever exist, the religion of nature, genius, and taste;—and that neither poetry nor the arts can have being without it. Schiller has well expressed this truth in the following lines:

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms, and watery depths; all these have vanish'd:  
They live no longer in the faith of reason;  
But still the heart doth need a language; still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;

• • • And even at this day,  
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair.

A. W.

\* I am not here called upon to vindicate the errors and absurdities which poets and others introduced into mythology.

## ON THE CHARGES MADE FOR ADMITTANCE INTO OUR CATHEDRALS AND NATIONAL RECEPTACLES FOR WORKS OF ART.

THE practice that is now pursued at most of our public national institutions and cathedrals, containing the finest specimens of works of Art, of demanding sums of money from all who are admitted to view them, is one which, whether it be considered as to the effects produced by it in checking the cultivation of a popular taste for the Arts, and intellectual pleasures, or as diminishing the influence upon the public mind which the noble monuments contained in those cathedrals are designed to produce, must be regarded as deeply injurious and impolitic.

The amount of fees requisite to be paid on admittance into Westminster Abbey is such, as almost to preclude individuals of a lower rank in life from availing themselves of the dignified pleasure and improvement, which a visit to that august building must afford to every one. The charges that are made on viewing our other public national receptacles of works of Art are alike enormous and unreasonable, and to a great extent preventive of their inspection. And thus, with the exception of the British Museum and the National Gallery, they are all shut against the poor and needy portion of the public.

It cannot also but be considered matter of regret that those generous individuals who have so distinguished themselves as men of taste and refinement by their collections of splendid works of Art, should not be more liberal in affording to the people, generally, a greater freedom of admission into, and readier opportunities of viewing them, which they would then render so invaluable not only to themselves but to the nation at large. With respect, however, to those public collections, for the formation and support of which the people in general have been, and continue to be largely taxed,—their exclusion from free and gratuitous admittance to these is an injustice of a most glaring nature, and which no reason or argument can be found to justify. It has been asserted, indeed, that the exclusion of the people of this nation from such places, unless numerous attendants (whose services they must therefore requite) were present, is necessary on account of the disposition shown by them to deface or to destroy all works of Art. But it should be borne in mind that these fees and sums of money so collected are not applied for the purpose of procuring attendants, who (as in the

case of those belonging to the institutions to which the people are admitted freely) are paid out of the funds for the maintenance of these institutions, but that they are demanded as the dues or tribute-money of some dignitary or officer connected with the establishment. Better, indeed, would it be that many works of Art should be mutilated or even destroyed than that such should remain thus for ever almost in obscurity, and unnoticed by so many of those at whose expense, and for whose pleasure and improvement they were collected and designed to contribute; but that no such fear is really to be apprehended we may be assured by the preservation, perfectly uninjured, of those splendid productions contained in such institutions as are open freely to the public, and guarded only by those attendants paid by the institutions themselves. And we may learn by the number of visitors, and more especially of those among the poorer classes who frequent them, how much they can and do appreciate works of Art, and consequently what deprivations they suffer by exclusion from those other institutions which contain them.

The effects of this practice, which is in itself so unjust towards the public in general, are in many respects highly detrimental, not only to those who thus suffer immediately from it, but also to the individuals and the institutions through whom, and in which it is carried on. No wonder is it that the lower class of people should be fraught with prejudice and hatred against many of our sacred and venerable institutions, and should regard them, or the dignitaries who preside at their ordinances, with feelings of jealousy and envy; or that they should be suspected to be prone to destroy those beautiful works whose excellencies they are almost forbidden to discover and to appreciate, when they see these authoritative individuals thrust forward in the way of their enjoyment and improvement from those sources to which they appear almost to have a right to look for it. This exclusion of the people from our national institutions and public edifices leads them, moreover, to consider these of no value to them, and causes them to hate them on account of the expenses towards which they are compelled to contribute for maintaining them.

The effects that have been produced by this system in checking the growth of a popular taste for the Fine Arts are but too obvious to require any dissertation. How few are there among the people who appreciate the Arts as they deserve, or who view them as of importance or utility further than as being ornamental and decorative. Of the opportunities that might have been afforded of cultivating a taste for them, the people in general have been thus greatly deprived. The few

works of real striking excellence, which are open to their inspection, are but sufficient to raise in their minds some vague ideas respecting them, or to excite a curiosity to view them more generally—from the observation and contemplation of those masterly performances which adorn our cathedrals, and are more especially calculated both to excite their interest from the subjects they represent, and to raise their admiration from their superior excellence, they are thus debarred. The effects of this practice are also, in other respects, to a great extent degrading to the minds of the people, as denouncing them to be void of all refined tastes and feelings, and unfitted for other than sordid and unintellectual pursuits and gratifications.

The influence that the erection of public monumental tributes to the memory of those illustrious individuals, who have rendered themselves worthy of the veneration and remembrance of their contemporaries and of posterity, may produce on the national feeling, must be in a great degree lost, if such noble monuments are to be suffered to moulder in seclusion, and obscured from the eyes of those for whose admiration and inspiration they were erected. Of what vast importance, if regarded only as a branch of national policy, must we consider the exhibition to the public generally, with becoming solemnity and decorum, of these grand tributes to the memory of those whose lives or whose exertions have been devoted for their country's welfare, or whose virtues or works have served to confer honour on their nation, and lasting benefit on mankind in general.

For the sake then of the progress and advancement towards perfection of the Arts, whose promotion we regard so essential and important, and of the improvement and intellectual refinement of the people, over whose moral condition they are destined to have so extensive an effect, we do most earnestly, and most sincerely, desire to see the august receptacles of these noble tributes of national respect and veneration, and those assemblages of works of stately and resplendent genius thrown open for the free inspection, and for the unrestricted and untaxed enjoyment of the people at large, and ere long we firmly trust that these odious barriers against the progress of civilization, and the promotion of intellectual improvement among mankind may be overthrown.

G. H. G. I.



**SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT.—No. III.**

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent! Faith; of the camelion's dish I eat—the air:

Promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE young practitioner, however, must not imagine that old Full-money (see No. I.) is brought forward as the representative of architectural patronage in the mass. Although he is to be met with too frequently, we have yet an equal chance of encountering employers of the paynaught class: kind, easy gentlemen, who, in their zeal to do you "some service," give you the advantage of their necessity for your professional aid; afford you a "grand opportunity" for advertising your taste to their visitors or some passing Pericles; take especial care that you shall be practically informed as to all the troubles and perplexities of your line of business; alternately goad you with the spur of expedition, steady you with the curb of caution, cheer you with the pat of approbation; and, at length, dismiss you with,—“very well, indeed, for a beginner,” and,—“you'll get on in time, no doubt.”

Doubtless, you will say, opportunity for display is a good thing. The eloquence of palpable architecture is greater than that of mere architectural design. But, they who strive for means must have the means to strive; and, without a little hay in the mean while, the horse cannot wait for the grass to grow. Where the regular practitioner would demand twenty-five guineas, the young “beginner” may expect a five pound note. Mr. Paynaught's parting encouragement may prove of no more value than *Armado's*\* “remuneration,” which *Costard* wisely supposed was “the Latin word for three farthings,” and which he regarded as eleven pence farthing worse than *Biron's* “guerdon.”

Softly, young sir. Silence for your own sake! Listen:—a word in your ear. If your gratuitous work attracts no subsequent notice, it is for your modesty to suppose, it was not worth paying for. A man has a right to get things as cheaply as possible—for nothing, if he can: and there is no compulsion on your gratuitous assistance, beyond the sense of doing yourself a benefit. It is to be presumed that Paynaught would not have employed any established architect whatever,

\* See *Love's Labour Lost*, Act iii. sc. 1.

had you refused him that gratuitous assistance. The carpenter who executed the required work, would, most likely, in that case, also have designed it: and would you not, sir, as a genuine lover of your profession—would you not as an artist—as one of a class which ought to assume to itself an ameliorating and dignifying influence in society—would you not rather go unpaid, than suffer vulgar tastelessness to go unreformed? It is still, at least *some* merit, that old Paynaught could just turn the balance in favour of art. Of two alternatives costing him nothing, he could, at least, choose the best; and, indeed, he may have expended in the execution of your design a five pound note beyond what had been the cost of completing the carpenter's design. "Go to—you're a saucy boy."

But, sir—pardon me. If my gratuitous work attracts, as you have said, no subsequent notice, it *may* be owing to that meddling ignorance which thwarted all my intentions as to proportion and decoration. It *may* be, that my kind patron, having affected a vast motive of well doing, by his afforded opportunity for display, consecutively effected, during the progress of the works, such an entire destruction of all those peculiar graces which would have manifested the artist, that the issue of matters had been, on the whole, somewhat better, if left to the carpenter alone. Put yourself in my case, sir. Suppose your design to have been approved, as at once classical and picturesque: the accuracy of its realization the only reward of your exercised taste and earnest care. The plan is rigidly laid down, and the body of your structure is suffered to grow unmolested to the height of some four or five feet above the plinth. Just now, for the first time, your patron begins to see, that your designs and his ideas have cultivated a very false intimacy. Your *horizontal* disposition requires a proportional *perpendicular* which his notions of necessity will not admit; and thus, with the like ill fate which attended the dying word of *Artaxominous*\* and the projected "eter-nity" of *Whiskerandos*,† your nine diametered Corinthian columns are cut down into five diametered stumps; your arch is chopped off with a lintel; and your windows, designed to be correspondent with those of the Eretheion, are compressed into a species of port-holes, too low

\* Art. O, my Bombastes, prithee step this way,  
O, O, my Bom— (dies)

Bom. —bastes he would have said;  
But, ere the word was out his breath was fled.

† For all eter—  
Beefeater. —nity, he would have added.

for three panes, and too high for two. So much for your "golden opportunity." Your pleadings against alteration are, of course, treated as the empty outpourings of scrupulous pedantry; and the whole being completed in accordance with your employer's whim, you are left to bear all the brunt of critical severity. You are patiently to hear the world condemn you as the designer of the work, while your friendly employer vindicates himself by declaring, that, if it *be* faulty, he is himself blameless; for he consulted a professional man.

I fear my indignant young friend has here left me little room for any advice beyond that of strenuously cultivating a patiently enduring spirit. To other still more youthful aspirants, who, dazzled by the splendors of an architectural portfolio, seek to obtain pecuniary means and a happy existence by architectural practice, the "too solid" truth of the foregoing picture may serve for a wholesome intimation, as to what they may expect in entering upon a profession, which, less than any other, has a hold on public sympathy, and which more than any other is liable to the meddling of individual whimsicality.

To enlarge a little on the Paynaught patronage. Still more liberal in affording opportunities for the gratuitous display of an architect's fancy in making plans and drawings, are corporate bodies and select committees. Franklin says, "an assembly of great men is the greatest fool upon earth." It may be also said, that a committee of rich men, though they may be individually liberal, is the meanest of managers. Some public edifice is to be erected. A chairman and tableful of delegates are appointed to protect the interests of the town, and secure the execution of something that shall be worthy of it. It is resolved that an architect shall be "consulted." He is summoned accordingly. A few questions from the chair seem to constitute the consultation; for scarcely are they answered, ere he becomes a sort of target for the sharp-shooting wits of the committee, who, in contempt for breathing-time and reflection, let fly upon his bewildered senses all kinds of fragmental ideas, till his brain becomes as a sponge-cake fretted all over with split almonds.

He trusts, however, in the subsequent effort of judgment, which the silent atmosphere of his study may enable him to make. He sketches, alters, corrects—at length decides, completes his plans, and draws up a careful statement of the principles which have governed him in their formation. Though it has been out of his power entirely to fulfil the opposing wishes of the committee, he has yet, he trusts, effected so satisfactory a compromise between the impossibility of pleasing all and the partiality of individual favour, that his designs will be, on the

whole, approved, and the building forthwith commenced. With these very extravagant ideas, he waits upon the committee a second time.

God bless the poor man! While he has been covering sheet after sheet with plans, elevations, sections and perspective effects, Mr. Alderman Stilton, the cheesemonger, has been busy on a sheet of cartridge paper, and has sketched out a design far more to the purpose than *his*! As to the architect, he has certainly made a set of very fine *drawings* "and all that;" but Stilton's is the *idea*; and "if Mr. — will but make out a set of working drawings on Mr. Stilton's plan, he will stand some chance of being attended to." The mortified artist vainly attempts an explanation of his own plans, which, during the hour of discussion have been thumb'd and creased, and torn and blotted, like a "last Sunday's paper" in a pot-house. Rarely, indeed, does the labour of making drawings, and, still less, the mental application necessary to design, enter the thoughts of the committee. The most elaborate sections are flounced about as if they had been printed by steam on whitey-brown paper, ten thousand in an hour. The cheesemonger has no notion of regarding *time* as stock in trade. Taste and invention are not sold by the pound, and Alderman Pennyweight has not the most distant idea of paying for "moonshine." When, therefore, our architect refuses to eat *cheese* alone, and asks for the fairly earned means of purchasing a crust, the committee stare at him as if he had demanded a "world of one entire and perfect chrysolite!" He is not in a condition to wage law with the body corporate, and none of its members are individually responsible. They merely "consulted" him under the probability of his subsequent employment, and have been no further wrong than in spelling "insult" with a *con*.

An anecdote, illustrative of the foregoing, is to be found in the records of an important borough in the south of England. A new guildhall and prison were required. Advertisements for plans were published. Several good designs (one by a celebrated London architect) were sent in, glanced at, and laid aside. Their authors received neither remuneration nor thanks; but, on applying for the return of their drawings, were informed, that the town serjeant had mislaid them. The plan of a common resident builder was adopted. It was indeed a contrivance! a delicious medley of barbarities, evidently originating in an ignorant survey of the several rejected designs, so unfortunately *lost*! The conclusion is the only gratifying part of this brief narrative. The builder was the first to appear in the prisoner's box of his own ugly guildhall, and the last to be emancipated from

his own ill-contrived prison. He was found guilty of obtaining money under false pretences, and sentenced to imprisonment, so long as he should fail to refund the sum of which he had illegally possessed himself, and to pay as much more for the provision of those genuine means which he had had the impudence to counterfeit.

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### LETTER FROM VENICE.

ADDRESSED TO AN ARTIST IN LONDON.

Sept. 2, 1833.

WENEVER I come in contact with any work of extraordinary power, which is not seldom, I instantly think of you. "How much I wish \* \* \* were here," is my first, and "why, in the name of all that's odd, does he not come?" my second ejaculation. \* \* \*, who suddenly stepped into a practice in London by which he might have filled his pockets to repletion, throws it all overboard to come and study here, while \* \* \*, to whom a year in Italy would be of such incalculable benefit, stays behind to paint for the Waverly novels—"Strange infatuation!" How can you, \* \* \*, with your judgment, and taste, and feeling for what is really great in art and beautiful in nature, resist the desire you *must* feel to see that which, in these days, every body else makes a point of seeing? Even in a pecuniary point of view, you would be a gainer by the excursion, as subject matter for your future labours is here to be found in such abundance, that you would carry off with you a store of it which would suffice you for years in advance; to say nothing of the stimulating tendency of such a trip; for the conversation among all classes of the Italians, turns chiefly upon painting and sculpture,—a circumstance that satisfactorily enough accounts for an artist's working so much harder for his reputation in Rome than in London; since it cannot be, that this difference arises from the necessity of the thing, as the means of subsistence, comfort, and even luxurious enjoyment, are all to be had at half price on this side the channel. My own experience enables me, with confidence, to certify to this material fact, for I have now been abroad just eleven months, passing right through France and Italy, round Sicily, and back to the confines of Lombardy, at an expense of no more than two hundred pounds; and had I, in the first instance, domiciliated myself in any given spot, instead of roving, I should,—though it is by no means grudgingly that I say so—have the better part of that sum still in my pocket. Your project of crossing the Bay of Biscay would, I should conceive, be a more expensive matter, and yet not near so



likely to realize the objects you have in view. I have now been ten days in Venice, and am perfectly enchanted with it. The works of Titian and Paul Veronese, go very far beyond my fondest anticipations. It is commonly said of these great men, that they were mere ornamentalists, and that they could not draw. God bless their accusers ! Let them come hither, and they may then satisfy themselves, unless indeed they be as blind as Belisarius, that with all that is sublime in composition, and astounding in colour and execution, they combined every thing that is exquisite in drawing and proportion. I have, for the last day or two, been sketching, in company with our disinterested friend aforesaid, and sundry French and Polish artists, from Titian's *Assumption of the Virgin*. This production is the ne plus ultra of religious historical painting. Raffael's *Transfiguration* is nothing in comparison with it, and from the prints you see of the former, you can form no estimate of its merits. The figure of the virgin, if not the most, is certainly one of the most heavenly creations of the human mind ever conceived. The proportions, the attitude, the colouring and the expression are all of the most surpassing quality, and impress the spectator with quite another sense of the reception of the mother of CHRIST into heaven. The groups of angels supporting the clouds on which she ascends, seem to partake of the same divine principle, and many of them, selected individually, as examples of painting merely, are worthy of the most attentive examination. The lower group is also fraught with admirable tone and drawing. Nine feet, at least, must be the height of the several figures, and as these are numerous, you may form some notion of the space occupied by the whole of the subject ; and yet this picture, immense as it in reality is, is in the most perfect harmony and keeping throughout. Our good friend is in raptures with it, as is he also with another in one of the churches ; but do not imagine that these are all I have to enumerate. The gallery of the Academy contains many splendid things, and the walls of the Ducal Palace, are clothed with the large and elaborate productions of Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Palma, Pordenone, V. Carpaccio, Paris Bordone, &c. &c., and some of Paul's attain to a point of brilliancy that would surprise you. There are admirable specimens too in the various palaces.

To attempt to describe the city itself to you were superfluous if not impertinent ; for Canaletti's pencil has been so much, and so ably employed in the illustration of it, as to have made every one more or less familiar with its leading beauties ; but no description, either of the pen or pencil, is to be attended to. Venice, with its palaces, its gondolas,



and all that sort of thing, is one of those wonders which to be fairly appreciated and understood, must be seen. Come along with you then,—take my arm, and let us perambulate the streets together. Leave your book-plates to those who can do nothing better, and consequently get nothing better to do. I can hear of no impediments, objections, or delays, summon a little resolution and be off. The change will give a fresh impulse to your faculties, and prompt you to higher aims and efforts. I am to meet my relatives at Frankfort about the close of the present month, and although I have hitherto done little or nothing in oil, and had the bitter mortification to lose the entire of my sketches, I shall lay in a plentiful stock of materials at Rome, with which I hope to do something during the winter at Dresden and Munich. In the ensuing summer, I purpose working my way back, through the Tyrol, to Venice, and passing the succeeding autumn at Florence. You cannot do better than proceed to Antwerp, Brussels, &c., where you will find plenty to interest you, and if, after seeing Dresden, Venice, Florence and Naples, you should fancy Spain, nothing can be easier than to get there, whether by land or water. I had no idea when I quitted England, that I should be able to accomplish my tour with so little difficulty and expense. My brother has doubtlessly told you how that I went round Sicily, and to the top of Etna, and saw many of the great phenomena of nature. At Naples you will be again in your element, for the groups of humanity,—men, women, and children,—abounding in that city, appear to have been brought together for the express accommodation of artists. You remember \* \* \* \*: he is there fagging away, spoiling canvass at a fearful rate; however he is young, and appears to me, nevertheless, to hold out a promise of future eminence. Let an early letter announce your departure for Germany. I will guarantee you the most agreeable results. Think of the number of old allies you will encounter on the road, and of the music of all kinds, and the gondolas passing beneath your windows on a moonlight night, when here! Venice, I repeat, is a bewitching place, and it is with infinite reluctance that I leave it, for I must now away for Constance, Strasburg, and Frankfort on the Maine.

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#### HERNE BAY.

I HAD resolved to visit Herne Bay, partly because of olden time that spot was familiar to me, and partly for reasons which may afterwards appear. In compliance with this resolution, I bent my steps to the St. Katherine's Dock, and found myself pacing the deck of a

steam-boat, and awaiting with some degree of impatience, the ringing of the bell, which was to separate me, for a while, from the metropolis and its accompanying cares. To me every thing was interesting; the river and its attendant scenery, though previously well known, was viewed again with increased delight. I could not but dwell on its cultivated green banks, as we passed rapidly by them, until they were separated far from each other, and I turned from them to look upon the broad ocean, with its dark-blue waves rolling sullenly around me. We passed over the scene of the once formidable mutiny, but all was peace, for many a heart which once beat high in stubborn rebellion, had long since been insensible to every thing earthly. The red cross floated like a meteor on the wind from the fore-top-gallant-mast head of the admiral's ship, a beautiful symbol, which has flown triumphant in every corner of the globe, has shone upon the fields of France, and fanned the breezes of the Holy Land. We arrived at the place of our destination; but how altered its appearance from that which it bore a few years back! Splendid houses, which might vie with any in the metropolis, have arisen along the coast, and there is an excellent hotel, where the visitor may be certain to meet with attention and kindness, in return for his money. Smile not, reader, at this simple annunciation, but reflect, that it is not always that even these may be assured to us. How frequently are benefits conferred, for which there is no return! How often are the kindest exertions of friendship rewarded by ingratitude alone! It is "in mine inn," then, that I will take "mine ease;" aye, truly so, for there is mutual accommodation;—there we enjoy those comforts which we have a right to command, whilst those who supply them are satisfied, because they derive their expected remuneration. But this is a digression—Herne Bay takes its name, according to some writers, from the number of herons which once frequented the neighbourhood, though Hasted, in his History of Kent, says, that it is derived from the Saxon *Hýrne* or *Hvyrne*, a nook or corner. It is somewhat altered since old Leland's time, as regards fish, which is dear, however plentiful it may be; he says, "Heron ys iii good myles fro Whitstaple, were men take good muscles, cawled stake-muscles, yt stondeth dim. 2 myle fro the mayne shore, and ther ys good pitching of nettes for mullettes." The newly-built pier is a fine piece of timber work, and extends three-fourths of a mile into the sea; the entrance to it from the land is guarded by a parapet, which once stood on old London Bridge. The bathing is good, and the place altogether calculated to confer health and comfort on its visitants.

On the Sunday after my arrival, I commenced a long intended pil-

grimage to the antient church of Herne. My path lay through the corn fields, the country around me was beautiful, deeply shaded woods overhung the scene, amid which the old tower arose in simple grandeur. I could not help feeling as I walked, that there were moments in life, when the consideration of worldly matter is irrelevant and altogether unsuitable; moments, when the mind soars to higher flights, while man and his soul hold beautiful communion. What greater delight could there be than so to approach the house of prayer!—Who, as he walked, could gaze upon the landscape around him, where Nature reigned in all her loveliness, and hesitate to pour forth the gratitude from his bosom, while he contemplated the glorious garden which the Lord of light and life has so bountifully adorned for his passage here!—But such were not the only motives which tended to heighten my interest in what I saw; the old church, towards which I was approaching, had been once the charge of the goodly martyr Ridley. I passed the house where he had dwelt, and dedicated his days to God. It was here, in 1545, that in retirement and by study, he became assured of the absurdity of the doctrine of transubstantiation; for, having perused a small treatise, written at the request of Charles the Bald, in 840, by Bertram or Ratramus, a monk of Cologne, and published in that city in 1532, he was so satisfied that his doctrine was true, and free from any change of novelty, that he convinced Cranmer, with whom he was in course of intimacy, and who lived at the neighbouring palace of Ford, and by his means Latimer also; and thus, to use the figurative language of the times, did these three worthies “lay the axe unto the very root of popery.” The church is a very ancient structure, and appears by its architecture, to have been built about the time of Henry III.; the tower and leading features being fine specimens of what architects denominate, the early English style. The tower, however, has decorated windows inserted. There is a fine early English door at the west end of the nave, and the aisles of the church are embattled. This edifice is dedicated to St. Martin, and consists of a nave, side aisles, and three chancels; its length is about 113 feet, and the breadth 59. The nave is 33 feet high, and is divided from both aisles by several very noble arches. The whole aspect of the interior of the church is venerable in the highest degree, and the great five-light window at the west end of the nave so splendid a specimen of the perpendicular, that the erection of a “gallery for visitors,” which is before it, is much to be deplored by the antiquary, however convenient it may be for the chance frequenter of the church. I observed several remnants of painted glass in the windows, but none

worthy particular notice. The font appears to be very ancient; it is very elegantly formed, and has various coats of arms emblazoned on it, but they are so obscured by the nullifying demon of whitewash, as to be almost unintelligible. In the chancel, at the east end of the nave, are several ancient wooden stalls, with quaint and curious carvings; one of them has an eagle or griffin most expressively portrayed; there can be but little doubt that these seats were occupied by the ministers of the Popish Church, and this hypothesis receives support from the fact, that all the chancels have been evidently separated from the nave and aisles by a carved oaken screen, which kept the people from the sanctum. This screen still remains in the north and south chancels, although no longer making any distinction in the nave. There are many brasses and monuments in the church, highly deserving the antiquary's attention: of the former, are several in the north chancel, with inscriptions and figures, generally speaking, well preserved. There is one in a very antique dress, with a gold chain, and the black-letter inscription exhorts us earnestly to pray for the soul of the Lady Christina Philip, who was wife of Matthew Philip, goldsmith, and Lord Mayor of London, 1463, and died 21st May, 1470.

"Orate specialiter pro animâ Dominæ Xtine dudum uxoris Matthei Phelp aurifabri, ac quondam Majoris Civitatis London: que migravit ab hac valle miseriæ 21 die Maii Anno D<sup>m</sup> Millesimo cccclxx", cujus animæ propitiatur Deus. Amen." This Sir Matthew Phelp or Philip, succeeded Thomas Cooke, as Lord Mayor of London, 1463, and according to Weever, was knighted on the field, 1471, together with his successor, Sir Rauf Josselyne, Sir Henry Weever, and others.

Near the communion-table is a brass plate, whereon is a lady in an ancient dress; the black-letter inscription states her to have been Elizabeth, wife of John Fineux or Fiennes, Esq.; she died 22d August, 1539. It is not improbable, that she was the lady so affectionately spoken of by Ridley, in his "Farewell," as having been converted by him, and holding fast the faith in purity and simpleness of life. Another brass commemorates John Fyneux, late of Hearne, Esq. and Margaret his wife, daughter of Thomas Morley, sometime of Glyn, in the county of Sussex, Esq. She died December 9, 1591, and he July 31, 1592, leaving one only daughter, Elizabeth, who married John Smith, Esq. son and heir of Thomas Smith, late of Esthanger, in Kent, Esq. There is also a brass against the east wall, to another of this family, who was a justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of Henry VII.

"Hic jacet Wilhelmus Fineux, fil. et hæres Johannis Fineux, mi-

litis, qui obiit . . . Regis Henrici VII." Leland, speaking of his person, says, that he settled in this place where "he builded his fayre house for the commodite of preserving his helth." According to Weever, many of his family are buried here but without inscriptions.

Another brass has the figure of a man in armour, and his wife: the inscription is without date.

"Hic jacet Petrus Hall armig. Elizabeth uxor ejus, filia Dom. Wilhelm. Waleys, militis et Dom. Margaretæ uxoris."

Another brass records Anthony Loverick, Esq. and Constance his wife, who died 10th December, 1511.

"Hic jacet Anto. Loverick, Armig. et Constantia uxor ejus, qui obiit 10 Dec. 1511."

The last brass to be spoken of covers the body of John Darley, a bachelor in divinity, and, as may be presumed from the marginal inscription round his tomb, formerly vicar of this church. His figure is inlaid on a flat stone near the communion rails, dressed in a bachelor of divinity's gown; the inscription in some places is hardly to be decyphered.

"Siste gradum videas corpus jacet, ecce Johannis  
Darley, qui multis fuit hic miratus in annis.  
Ille pater morum fuit et flos philosophorum  
Qui via...legis patriæ fuit anchora gregis;  
Pagina sacra cui dedit inceptoris honorem."

Around the margin are these words: "Hic jacet Johannis Darley, baccalaureus in Sacra Theologia, quondam Vicarius. . . the rest obliterated.

The monuments are not so numerous as the brasses: there is an old one in the style which prevailed in the reign of James I., erected against the north wall of the chancel, to the memory of Sir William Thornhurst, Knight, who died 24th July, 1606, aged 31; he is represented in armour, and kneeling on a cushion before a table, having the pediment supported by four Corinthian pillars; his helmet hangs on a bracket above him. There are memorials in Canterbury cathedral of some of his family, which has been, I believe, long since extinct.

Under the north window of this chancel is a very ancient tomb with escutcheons, but to whom erected there is no record.

At the south east corner of the south chancel, near the door, is a monument affixed to the wall; whereon, under an arch supported by pillars, are a man and a woman kneeling, and between them the words "Memoriæ Sacrum," it commemorates Robert Knowler, Gent. of Herne, who died 1st May, 1635, aged 62, and Susan his wife, who died 18th July, 1631, aged 57; there are several other monuments of this family as late as the year 1735.



The last mortuary relic worth speaking of is a flat stone in the chancel, having the following strange and singular epitaph:—

"Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,  
A vein of gold, a China dish which must  
Be used in heaven when God shall feed the just.  
Approved by all, and lov'd so well,  
Though young, like fruit that's ripe he fell."

The parish registers are kept in excellent preservation, and may be traced as far back as 1566. A very interesting entry in them commemorates one of those simple-minded good men, who held fast his integrity in those stormy times when no man knew how soon he might be required to take up his cross, or forfeit his reasonable hopes of salvation.

"A.D. 1566, Stephanus Sawyer, vir pie memorie, annos natus 92, Martii 30 vitæ suæ finiit, cum 30 annos continuos purâ Christi religione contra Romanam Tyrannidem professus fuisset."

There is another entry of an infant "christened by the women and buried 21st March, 1567," which proves that the remnants of Popish superstition were not then entirely expunged.

It has been previously observed that this church was once the cure of Ridley, who appears to have been collated to the vicarage by Cranmer, 30th April, 1538; and he has himself told us "that he preached not after the Popish trade, but after Christ's gospel." In 1543, at a visitation of the archbishop, Ridley was presented for having the *Te Deum*, &c. read in English in the church, where the said "Master Doctor" was vicar, and this circumstance was afterwards urged against him, among others, to his mortal destruction. We are told by his namesake and biographer "that for miles round, neglecting their own preachers, the people came to hear him." During the space of two years he studied closely the holy scriptures, frequently conferring thereon with Cranmer. In September, 1547, he was promoted to the see of Rochester, but continued to hold Herne in commendam, which however he gave up on his translation to London in 1550, where he remained until his martyrdom at Oxford on the 16th October, 1555. He seems to have borne an affectionate remembrance of Herne even unto death; for in his last beautiful and pathetic farewell, it is thus distinguished,\* "From Cambridge I was called into Kent by the archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Cranmer, that most reverend father and man of God, and of him bye and bye sent to be vicar of Herne, in

\* See Rev. J. Duncombe's *Antiquities of Herne and Reculver*, a most entertaining work, to which the writer of this article is much indebted.



east Kent. Wherefore, farewell Herne, thou worshipful and wealthy parish, the first cure whereunto I was called to minister God's word. Thou hast heard of my mouth oft-times the word of God preached, not after the popish trade, but after Christ's gospel: Oh! that the fruit has answered to the seed, and yet I must acknowledge me to be thy debtor for the doctrines of the Lord's supper, which at that time God had not revealed to me, but I bless God in all that godly virtue and zeal of God's word, which the Lord by preaching of his word did kindle manifestly both in the heart and life of that godly woman, there my Lady Fiennes. The Lord grant that his word took like effect there in many more!"

That elegant writer, Southey, has said that "he whose heart is not excited upon the spot which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefitted mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature;" and truly I could not envy the feelings of that person who could visit this church without the most serious reflection. No, the contemplative man as he crosses its threshold must feel that Ridley has also passed it before him! he kneels down to pray those very prayers which the martyr helped to compose, he cannot help imagining that his voice is still floating through the building, and he looks with a degree of holy awe upon those monuments whose antiquity tells him the eye of the martyr had also contemplated. How often may he have paused before them and meditated upon death; and what such meditations must have been his own fiery passage has afforded a glorious proof. Surely such a life and example can never pass from human memory! Three hundred years have nearly elapsed, and yet the lonely unknown traverser of these sacred aisles dwells, almost to tears, upon his painful though illustrious death—sees him, in his mind's eye, bound to the stake! the horrid cry, "I cannot burn!" rings in his ears, and the blood curdles with horror as he imagines him heaving up and down amid the faggots. Thanks to a good and merciful Providence such terrible ordeals exist no more! The prayers of the martyr have been heard, and their funeral flames have indeed "lighted such a candle in England, as by the grace of God shall never be extinguished." To Ridley and his companions was given a crown of glorious martyrdom, and to us an assurance that it is a good thing to be faithful even unto death. C. S.

## THE REWARD.

*Ἐλ τις ἐνὶ τριβόλοις πλανώμενον εἶδεν Ἐρωτα,  
 Δρακερίδας ἱμῶς ἔστιν· ὁ μανυτὰς γέρας ἔχει.  
 Μισθός τοι τὸ φίλαμα τὸ Κόπριδος.*

Moschus, Idyl. I.

IN the above elegant lines of the Grecian poet we have a description of the Paphian queen enquiring earnestly for her lost and fugitive son. To him who shall restore the boy great indeed is the promised reward—it is even the sweet celestial kiss of Venus! There can be no doubt that the celebrated Marini had perused and been delighted with the beautiful Idyl of Moschus, and that he composed the following splendid gem in happy imitation of that exquisite poem. A simple and almost literal translation from the Italian writer is subjoined, it being perhaps impossible better to express the meaning of an author than by avoiding periphrastic explanation and unnecessary encumbrance.

Udita ho, Citera,  
 Che del tuo grembo fore  
 Fuggitivo il tuo figlio a he si cela,  
 E promesso hai baciàr chi te l'rivela.  
 Non languir, bella Dea,  
 Se vai cercando Amore,  
 No'l cercar; dammi el 'baccio, io l'ho nel core.

J. B. MARINI.

O Venus! I have heard that thy son conceals himself from thee, a fugitive from thy bosom; and that thou hast promised to kiss whoever shall reveal him to thee. Pine not, O beautiful goddess, nor, if thou wanderest about in search of Love, seek for him more. Give me the kiss, for in my heart I hold him.

C. S.

## GRECIAN AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

AMONG the evidences that a purer taste in architecture is rising up among us, we may refer to the avidity with which the English style has been studied within these few years, and its encreasing employment in ecclesiastical and scholastic buildings. Not very long since, its matchless beauties could make no impression upon the mind, fettered by the pedantry of rules derived through the schools of the 17th and 18th centuries, and it was described by some writers, as 'The very ape of all architecture, not indeed deserving the name of archi-

ture; and when one, in something like pity, condescended to notice the despised creature, it was proposed to encumber it with assigned proportions of imaginary orders. But its beauty would disdain such limitation: it depends not upon anything, but that harmony of lines, which wins the eye, as some music wins the ear, by the power of an approving principle in the mind, which, defying the veto of criticism, cannot avoid being delighted.

But it is also the architecture of this climate, in which neither roofs nor windows can safely be dispensed with. The window so frequently a deformity in Greek or Roman architecture, is one powerful element of its beauty; and while in the tower or the spire, Grecian columns are pressed into a service for which they were never intended, how appropriate are the lines of English architecture! The majestic columns of the Parthenon are equally ridiculous when placed in diminished scale to pile the orders of a Christian steeple, or to decorate a shop front.

But apart from these principles of taste, there is another most important one, which is but too seldom considered—that of mental association. If we were to erect a church upon the most perfect model of a Grecian temple, its architecture could never speak to our minds, that awe, that deep mystery, and overwhelming possession, which it spoke to the ancient Greek: there is nothing mystic to us in the form of that column and the entablature, which from his infancy shadowed his mind with thoughts awful and deep, forms identified with the only religion which he ever knew. He would feel as if the walls and walks were haunted by some unseen demon, the true abode of the god; and then the altar, the oracle, the appropriate sculpture, all awakened in his mind thoughts of his religion and of his country. But when we transfer these to a Christian temple, their magic falls powerless and fades; we do not connect this awful sublimity with the building, nor have its decorations of sacrificial rites any similarity with Christian worship: but in that which may with propriety be termed Christian architecture, how powerful and how sublime the association of thought; although the line of its descent to us was one clogged with superstition and error, yet it was Christian, and the Christian emblem has marked it from its first beginning—it is as much the architecture identified with Christianity, as Grecian architecture with the Greek mythology, we feel ourselves at home in it.

It appears surprising, that this should not have been exclusively the architecture of every ecclesiastical and scholastic building now erected; in all probability not many years will elapse before it will be so.

Salvador House.

J. E.

To ———

My friend—my couch is gory,  
And wet with the marshy tide;  
But bright with so much glory,  
What wouldst thou have beside?

Though main and desert bound thee,  
And strangers tramp thy grave,  
Though gaunt wolves prowl around thee,  
And the field rat digs her cave;

As softly wilt thou slumber,  
As in thy chapel bed,  
Enshrin'd among the number,  
Of all thy kindred dead.

Dark was thine hour of dying,  
No glimmer pierced the shade,  
Save the flash from the cannon flying,  
And the spark on the sabre blade.

No woman's form was nigh thee,  
Thy brow receiv'd no tear,  
But gallant men stood by thee,  
And gazed upon thy bier.

No sigh, no death-bed blessing,  
No hand thy head sustain'd,  
But hostile arms were pressing,  
And round thee havoc reign'd.

The minute cannon tolling,  
In lieu of funeral bell;  
The drum thy requiem rolling,  
In saintly choral swell.

The plumes that wav'd above thee,  
Were all of snowy white,  
On the brows of those that love thee,  
And bore thee through the fight.

Wrapt in thy war-cloak sleeping,  
Thou hast a pall more proud,  
Than funeral pages keeping  
Watch round a silken shroud.

In many a balmy slumber,  
That war-cloak wrapt thee o'er,  
And this among the number,  
As sweet as those before.

Thy grave no death stones bound it,  
Unmark'd thy torn corpse lies,  
But glory shines around it,  
And glory never dies.

Farewell!—I sometimes view thee,  
And deem thee here the while;  
Though foreign showers bedew thee,  
And I—tread thy native isle.

For Memory can relighten  
That open manly gaze,  
Which used to glance and brighten,  
In friendship's former days.

*Homerton.*

J. E.

## ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER BY SEA AND LAND.

*(Continued.)*

The command of the fleet now devolved on Rear-admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who had lost an arm in the service. He had been in the Toulon fleet under Lord Collingwood for several years, was much respected by that brave man, and his experience made him quite at home in the discharge of his new duties. Meanwhile the French, having soon learnt the fate of Nelson, their dreaded foe, now began to grow bold; for they used to come out of port and exercise; but Sir Samuel soon gave them to understand that he was not to be trifled with, as he used to put up the helm, and drive them in again; and thus they were soon led to perceive that they had an experienced officer to deal with. But our admiralty made a further change; Admiral Freemantle now arrived from England, and was placed in command of the fleet, and Sir Samuel Hood again took his post in the

lee line. Admiral Freemantle was an excellent officer, and a very gentlemanlike man; he also had lost an arm in his country's cause, when cutting out under the immortal Nelson. But this gallant officer was but a short time in command before a further change was effected. Sir Edward Pellew arrived, and superseded him, though for what reason I am uninformed. I heard a great deal of Sir Edward, and he was always spoken of as having been a great tyrant when a captain. One could however only judge of his present qualities, and I perceived that he was certainly not equal to Lord Collingwood in the ability to manage a fleet, in which opinion I believe many officers of the Magnificent coincided. Nor was he so much dreaded by the enemy; for in spite of him they would come out and exercise, and even exchange broadsides with us. We used now to have frequent skirmishes with the French, and occasionally to lose some of our men. Indeed several times we were very nearly coming to a general action, and had an excellent opportunity of seeing them manœuvre and form into lines of battle, which shewed the disposition and strength of both fleets. We ascertained that they had the superiority in ships and guns, and had more men in proportion to the force of their ships, and that the crews were seemingly under excellent discipline; for they worked their ships like seamen and officers, convincing us, who had always entertained the most contemptible opinion of their knowledge, that their judgment, conduct, resolution, and bravery, were not to be despised. The practice of undervaluing the warlike qualities of other nations has been too much the fashion with our Board of Admiralty, who even at this day affect a contempt for the prowess of the Americans; but, in the event of another war, they would find brother Jonathan to be the greatest tactician on the seas.

Our Gallic neighbours have, even at the present time, excellent officers. They take great pains in raising them, and creating emulation among them to give daily proofs of improvement. We do not, nor did not, at the period when I was in active service, trouble our heads about training up sea officers in this manner; though we are the chief maritime power: and if our officers know anything of military discipline or the art of war, it is a mere chance, while the French are taught the art of war, and to behave to each other with complaisance like gentlemen. Every French officer gives his orders to his inferior with the modest manners of equality, whilst we domineer over each other with the lofty and imperious air which the command of a British ship of war ever superinduces. Thus the spirits of our young officers and men are broken, and they are reduced to an abject,



timid, submissive, and servile state. The French command gentlemen, we slaves; and yet if any class of men in existence are to be distinguished from all others for their intrepidity and enterprise, their contempt of death, and their perseverance in the most trying and critical situations—such men are British seamen.

The French commanders summon frequent councils of war, to obtain the judgment of every experienced officer. A man of even inferior talents may frequently, by such opportunities, display some valuable qualities of mind, and suggest more useful ideas than men of a superior talent; and thus improvements are made upon the many different hints and propositions which the diversity of opinions start in such an assembly. This practice contributes to enlighten the commander, and makes him able the better to serve his country, by the adoption of the wisest resolutions.

I have intimated that the French did not seem to care much about our new admiral, for they used now to exercise whenever they felt inclined. Their temerity was apparent in one instance, when they had some difficulty in getting into port again, and one of their line of battle ships, not being able to beat up without engaging, went into *Hieres* Bay, the wind having shifted to the N. E. We had some transports then laden with water for the fleet, and it was our intention to convert one of them into a fire-ship, and send her into the bay, to destroy the enemy's ship. Can I paint the horrors produced by fire ships? Here imagination startles!—the boldness of the enterprize is secondary to the cruelty and injustice of its execution. Let the reader reflect on the immediate dissolution of 800 souls, though enemies, and he will glow with feelings of compassion, and cast away animosity. Warfare by fire ships is an incendiary-like proceeding, and every honest and able commander must be disgusted by such means. However, I am happy to say, that the wind shifted before the *incendiary* could make his appearance, the enemy's ship got safe moored in the harbour again, and the crew were saved from the dreadful fate which awaited them. I should have liked to see the enemy's ship along side one of ours in fair action; but I have a great abhorrence of fire ships.

On one occasion, when our fleet had been blown to leeward in a severe north-easter, one of our frigates off Cape Siccie saw the enemy's fleet, which, as they hoisted English colours, the frigate mistook for English ships, and stood into the midst of them, without making private signals. The captain of the British frigate perceived his mistake when too late, and his ship was captured and taken into Toulon.

Blame was certainly attributable to the captain; but never to commit a fault is an excellence beyond human nature; though to learn and to improve by the faults we have committed, tends to form a good and prudent man. Experience enlightens the mind, and, as I have seen in the service, it by degrees tames violence and impetuosity of character.

I have, in a preceding part of my narrative, mentioned Bombay Jack: he was taken ill and died unregretted.

Low on his funeral couch he lies,  
No pitying heart, no eye affords  
A tear to grace his obsequies.

About this time many of Collingwood's captains left the fleet, and some new officers arrived, in whom I could see the prejudice, and the narrow rules of art which prevail when there has not been experience by active service. When we were compelled to take in our top sails, and (which was very frequently the case from the severe weather) when it was blowing a gale of wind, I have seen some ships start the lee-sheet first. I was naming this circumstance the other day to a naval officer, his answer was, "Why that is a matter of opinion." I say any man that says so doubts his own conviction, and relies on mere form—as

He who strives the tempest to disarm,  
Will never first embroil the lee yard-arm.

I now pass to other scenes—The frigate in which I was, having received orders to proceed to Cadiz; we bade farewell to Cape Siccie, Long Town, and the British fleet, and made all sail for Cadiz, where we found a strong squadron under the command of Rear Admiral Sir Richard Keates, C. B. I cannot refrain from relating a most brilliant *fête* achieved by this brave man. On a very stormy and dark night, a French and Spanish squadron were going through the straits of Gibraltar. Sir Richard made sail, and placed his ship between two of the enemy's ships of the line. The enemy opened his starboard and larboard broadsides—but Sir Richard, with astonishing celerity, hove his topsails aback, and backed astern out of the reach of the enemy's fire, whilst the confederates being misled by this manœuvre to think each other foes, warmly engaged each other, until they blew up; and during this time Keates was in action with another 80 gun ship, which he took after a severe contest.

We were compelled to lie at anchor near Fort Catalina, then in possession of the enemy, and we had not long cast anchor, before they gave us a hearty reception, by firing shot and shell at us; but to accom-

plish which; as they were obliged to raise their guns to an elevation of 45 degrees, not one shot in a hundred could hit us. The enemy soon got tired of continuing this proceeding, to any great extent, as they were throwing the emperor's stores away to no purpose; but still they would occasionally amuse themselves in this manner. Captain Napier, who commanded a 74, got so cross at being fired at, without being able to return the compliment, that he slung several of his guns at an elevation of 45 degrees, and gave the enemy a taste of his metal. It was here that the mortar which is now in St. James's Park, better known by the name of the *Regent's Bomb*, was taken.

I recollect an experiment tried by the French, to frighten the old women of Cadiz. It was this: they loaded one of the shells with lead, and fired it from the fort over to Cadiz, and it came just over the gates. I was very near the spot at the time it fell. We soon discovered the cause of its reaching such a distance as three miles. It was quite harmless, and so we pointed out to those whose houses were within range of it, but all to no purpose. The old men and women who kept shops near the gates, began to cross themselves, and call upon the Virgin Mary: until a second shell however, loaded like the last, convinced them of the cheat, and dispelled their fears. Every thing at Cadiz depended on our navy; for, if the French could but cross over, they would have taken the city. It was warm work at Cadiz during the peninsula war. No sooner had the enemy thrown up new works, than we used to demolish them with our shells. We were continually fighting. We had boats rowing guard all night, under the command of a post captain; and on many occasions have I been roused from my sleep, to attack the enemy. Every evening, a certain number of gun-boats, together with the ship's boats, received from the admiral written instructions, and also sixty shell and Congreve rockets each boat, from the storeships; the whole of which, we managed to send in among the enemy, before daylight. The noise during the night was awful; what with firing and the bursting of the shells, and the continual firing of the batteries. We were continually in action during this siege, and every week we used to bury with military honours on shore, the officers slain during that period. Our funerals generally took place on Fridays, and many fine officers have left their bones in that place. The enemy had collected, in St. Mary's, a very large number of gun-boats, and other vessels. Our attention was now called to this formidable flotilla, which we had determined to destroy. For this purpose, we fitted up all the boats of the squadron, and with the gun-boats and bomb-vessels, prepared to commence the following attack. It was blowing very fresh, with a thick fog, when the admiral made the signal for the boats

to go in shore under shelter, which was customary, when it came on to blow hard. Our boats (one of which I had the honour to command,) had nearly all gone in shore, and some had anchored. I had just made sail to join my companions, when I perceived, through the fog, the enemy's flotilla under all sail. The enemy having taken advantage of the wind and tide. I immediately hoisted the signal of the fort, and fired a gun, which was answered, by the admiral's giving a general signal to engage. The boats were soon under all sail, standing for the enemy. I bore down alongside a French gun-boat, and was in action before any of our boats had got up with the enemy. The gun in our boat, and the marines with their small arms, made great havoc in the enemy's boat; for, not being further distant than a pistol shot, I could see her men fall at every fire. Though so near the enemy's boat, I could not board her, as she sailed so fast, that it was with difficulty we could keep up with her. The French officer kept waving his sword, and cheering on his men. I gave orders to the marines to pick him off, and they tried all in their power to effect that object, but all to no purpose; for, while I observed the men fall right and left of him, his person remained uninjured. If he had fallen, I make no doubt his men would have been confused, and I should have taken the boat. Many of my men were killed, and more wounded; and I had myself but a narrow escape from death, as a cannon-ball passed between my legs, and a grape-shot took away the greater part of my coat. As I was the first up with the enemy, my boat was the last that bore up, after theirs had got into *Rosa*, which they accomplished, but not without considerable damage, and loss of men. Our first lieutenant, who had been in the *Battle of Trafalgar*, declared that this action was equally as severe as that, we having been exposed to a line of artillery, along the shore, besides hundreds of troops, who were lining the beach. I was highly complimented for my conduct on this occasion, as will appear by a document, to which I shall have occasion hereafter to allude.

The coolness of some persons in action is remarkable. I will mention one of the instances of this kind which occurred within my own knowledge. We had been engaged the greater part of the day, and towards afternoon the action began to slacken, when a cannon-shot killed two marine artillery officers, who were in different boats, at a considerable distance from each other. A young midshipman in the first boat saw the shot coming direct for his head, when he, in the coolest manner possible, stooped and avoided it. Next to him was one of the officers alluded to, whom the same shot killed, and also the second artillery officer. The shot had passed nearly a dozen boats in a row, before it

reached the second victim. The loss of these two officers was severely felt. I attended their funeral on shore, where they were buried with the rest of the slain, with military honours. The gallant admiral was close by the boat, when the first marine officer was slain; and he used to take a deal of notice of the young midshipman after his cool conduct in this affair. The admiral used frequently to bring the officers fresh from the action, to dine on board his ship, not allowing them to clean themselves; and, we frequently were so blackened with the smoke, that we looked like some of his Satannic majesty's officers, more than any other beings. There was sad doing at Cadiz during the war, and many instances of cruelty. One person, a Spanish nobleman, who proved to be a traitor, had his house surrounded by his countrymen, and he was dragged from it, through the streets, by the populace, who inflicted a hundred wounds on him in the most ferocious manner, and finally put him to death. A Spanish admiral also paid the forfeit of his life, for having been detected telegraphing to the French.

Captains Alexander and Napier distinguished themselves very much during the siege. It would occupy too large a space to relate all the little anecdotes of the enemy and ourselves. The French were the most generous of enemies. I shall have occasion to speak of the Americans ultimately in terms somewhat different. The French have ever been distinguished in war for their veneration towards the poet, the philosopher, and the artist. Before the era of Christianity, and even among barbarians, the veneration for distinguished men was such, that in cases of war, they were generally exempted from the common fate of the vanquished. Alexander spared the house of Pindar, though he rased the city of Thebes to the ground. Marcellus, though repeatedly baffled and repulsed by Archimedes, yet commanded his soldiers to save him unhurt at the final conquest of Syracuse. Even a vagrant robber in Italy not only refused to plunder a caravan, but took it under his especial care and protection, because the poet Tasso accompanied it.

The French have received most generous treatment from the English, with the exception of a few instances, in which I may include our conduct to Napoleon and Marshall Ney. At the Siege of Cambray, the Duke of Marlborough forbade his soldiers to molest the possessions of Fénélon. In like manner, the English ships that were sent into the southern ocean to explore new regions, and to observe the transit of Venus in an eclipse of the sun, and thereby add to the stock of astronomical and nautical information, were held sacred by a

generous and admiring enemy, and without solicitation were exempted from the danger of the hostile attacks to which other ships were liable.

We experienced some very heavy gales of wind at Cadiz, accompanied with thunder and lightning. When I talk of gales of wind, do not imagine I call a strong breeze a gale, as oftentimes it is called by landmen. Those who have navigated foreign seas, and been accustomed to distant voyages, have often witnessed what no landman can form any adequate idea of—the gathering darkness and wild confusion of a tempest,—the cleft sky torn asunder to make way for fresh discharges of lightning, whilst the howlings of the wind, the roaring thunder rolls through the heavens, shaking the trembling bark from the masts down to the keel. The waves piling on each other to a mountain height, then rushing forward and sounding the knell of death as they break and half bury the restless bark in their dreary foam. The sails blowing from the yards, the yards gone in their slings, the masts plunging over the side, and carrying perhaps part of the hapless crew with them into the deep. The groaning wreck rolling ungovernable on the sea, the leaks increasing and gaining on the crew; the chain-pumps sending forth their dismal clanking sound; and above all, a frightful lee-shore stretching itself within view, and every hour becoming more and more distinct, frowning and threatening death on all who approach it. These are the scenes of which artists have painted, and poets have written; but they are scenes which neither of them can adequately describe, unless they have themselves cradled in the wave and rocked in the billow. But the ocean, under its rough and boisterous form, is not always rude and tempestuous: it is sometimes smooth and placid as the rivulet, that glides gently through our meadows; a breeze indeed sweeps its bosom, but it is such as might carry along the smallest skiff in safety for hours and days together. This is a pleasing sight at all times, but more so in the mid-watch, when we come on deck and find all quiet, every sail set to the fair and gentle breeze, and the vessel cut her way silently but swiftly through the yielding waters; to look up to Heaven, and behold a cloudless sky exhibiting stars of various orders and magnitude, dispersed through the wide expanse of boundless space; to watch the moon gliding along through their ranks, while her silver beams play across the rippled ocean as far as the eye can pierce: all this is pleasing, and has a natural tendency to promote reflection. Sailors are not such careless and rough beings as is supposed by some people. During the mid-watch, when possessed with various cares, some walk the deck



in silent musings on what they consider their hard fate; others, more cheerful, collect together and tell marvellous tales; a few join in singing war-like songs of past battles, and seek amusement, to while away the time till the sound of eight bells and the call of the next watch, when they descend to their hammocks:

The enemy having at length been repulsed at all points, were no longer to be seen, and peace for a time seemed to reign round Cadiz. But the devastating hand of war had left sad traces:—

And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd,  
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;  
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand,  
Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand.

We now, being relieved from the toils, write to our friends at home; informing them that all is done here, and that we are to return to old England; but I cannot help reflecting that there are many of our companions who are to return no more. They have been torn from this world and from all they hold dear on earth, and their ashes will remain in a foreign land. Their relatives have not been able to pay the last tribute of respect to their remains.

No marble tells us where, for with their names  
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song.

History for the most part exhibits the names and feats of one portion of mankind, whose lives were expended in disturbing the peace of others. It tells us who have reared, or who endeavour to raise columns to their own fame, at the expense and blood of their oppressed and groaning fellow men; but the humble seaman finds no biographer to hold up his better and more worthy actions to posterity.

At length, at the mast head of the admiral's ship, the signal was flying, "*Letters for England to be sent on board of the Colossus.*" The officers and men on board of those ships not to go home were writing letters to be sent on board of us. I could not help reflecting that there were others who would also have been happy to write at this moment; and that hundreds of our countrymen had lately been swept from the face of this earth: each of whom had some tie which bound them to the world, some friend or partner dear which linked them close to this painful checkered life, and made its bitters in some degree palatable.

We set sail for Old England. I cannot describe what my feelings were at this moment: when I left it, I was going away as one of the

defenders of my native land,—quitting its tranquil shores to traverse the stormy ocean, and countries cursed with the scourge of war. I was at that period ignorant of every thing relating to a life of warfare, I possessed strange romantic notions of happiness, and thought that there was no alloy with the glory of battle, but that there was a degree of pleasing enthusiasm to be felt even in a storm. I was now returning, after having gained some little experience of the events of a troubled life, with a mind filled with many painful images, but possessing the slight compensation, in exchange for youth, of a knowledge of the customs and manners of other nations.

When sailing out of Cadiz bay, I was thinking of a variety of circumstances which occurred in the memorable battle off the hills of Trafalgar. History has handed down, and will continue to transmit, to posterity, the principal transactions of that day's fight, as replete with military honour and political consequences to the British empire. I now had passed over the place where this battle was fought, and was about to repass it. It was here I saw what Providence had done: chance the sailors call it, and so do some of our landmen. I know no such thing as chance. I must observe, that had the enemy put to sea a little sooner, Nelson's fleet would have been so very unequal in number to those of the enemy, as to be hardly able to oppose resistance; at least the British were quite unable to take or destroy the enemy's ships, and this not only from the circumstance of several of our ships being absent procuring water, but because some others, intended as reinforcements, had not arrived from England. But Providence ordered matters contrary to the enemy's expectations. Several of the absentees, and not a few ships from home, arrived so opportunely as to form a fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line by the time the enemy had put to sea, under the idea that Lord Nelson's force did not exceed sixteen ships. The combined fleet amounted to thirty-three sail of the line; many of which were much heavier than our ships, and contained in the whole several thousand more men—an important difference when ship has to grapple with ship at close quarters, which was always Nelson's favourite plan, and the mode of fighting in this action.

*(To be continued.)*

## RYSBRACK'S CATALOGUE, 1764—(concluded.)

FIFTH NIGHT'S SALE, Monday, Feb. 20.

## PRINTS.

LOT		£.	s.	d.
1	Twenty-five by <i>Parmegiano</i> , &c.....	1	13	0
2	Eight basso relievos after <i>Polydore</i> , by <i>Goltzius</i> .....	0	13	0
3	Ten by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	1	14	0
4	Ten by <i>Raphael</i> , &c.....	1	7	0
5	Nine of the loves of the gods, by <i>Van Gunst</i> , after <i>Titian</i> .....	1	0	0
6	Eleven monuments, by <i>Gerardon</i> , <i>Le Brun</i> , &c.....	0	3	0
7	Six mezzotinto's, &c.....	0	7	0
8	Sixteen etchings, by <i>Berghem</i> and <i>P. Potter</i> .....	0	11	0
9	Twenty-four emperors and empresses, after <i>Titian</i> , by <i>Sadler</i> .....	0	7	0
10	Eighteen by various masters.....	0	8	0
11	Four monuments .....	0	2	0
12	Eighteen by <i>Heince</i> .....	0	8	0
13	Twenty-two by <i>Picart</i> .....	0	14	6
14	Six by <i>P. da Cortona</i> .....	0	11	0
15	Nineteen by <i>Picart</i> .....	0	14	0
16	Seven by <i>Raphael</i> , <i>Barroccio</i> , &c. ....	0	5	6
17	Seven by <i>Rubens</i> and <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	11	0
18	One, the salutation of the virgin, after <i>Barroccio</i> ....	0	8	0
19	Eight by <i>Rubens</i> .....	0	10	6
20	Seven by ditto .....	0	8	0
21	Ten by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> , &c. ....	0	12	0
22	Six by <i>Geo. Mantuanus</i> , &c. ....	1	15	0
23	Ten by <i>Carracci</i> .....	1	14	0
24	Five by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	0	10	0
25	Five by <i>Francesco Vanni</i> , &c.....	1	5	0
26	Six by <i>Raphael</i> , <i>Domenichino</i> , &c.....	0	13	0
27	Six by <i>Raphael</i> , &c.....	0	16	6
28	Four by <i>M. Angelo</i> .....	0	14	0
29	Two, the <i>Aurora</i> and <i>Bacchus</i> and <i>Ariadne</i> , by <i>Guido</i>	1	5	0
30	Thirteen by various masters .....	1	12	0

## DRAWINGS.

31	Five of monuments .....	0	9	6
32	Six ditto ..... P. S.	0	8	6
33	Four ditto ..... P. S.	0	10	6
34	Four ditto ..... P. S.	0	8	6
35	Six ditto .....	0	6	0
36	Five ditto .....	0	8	6
37	Thirteen by <i>Simon du Bois, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	12	6
38	Four by <i>Wyck</i> .....	1	6	0
39	Five by <i>Vandyck, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	17	6

LOT	£.	s.	d.
40 Seven of trophies, by <i>Polydore</i> .....	0	6	6
41 Eight by <i>Claude</i> , &c. ....	1	1	0
42 Five by <i>Wouvermans</i> .....	1	11	6
43 Two by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	1	6	0
44 Four by ditto, after <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	2	12	6
45 Five by <i>Ciro Ferri</i> , <i>Luca Giordano</i> , &c. ....	1	18	0
46 Three by <i>M. Angelo</i> , <i>Andrea del Sarto</i> , &c. ....	1	0	0
47 Two by <i>Lud. Carracci</i> and <i>Parmegiano</i> .... <i>Bernard</i>	7	10	0
48 A moonlight by <i>Mr. Malsher</i> , framed and glazed....	1	4	0

## BOOKS OF PRINTS.

49 Works of <i>Elizabeth Cheron</i> .....	0	19	0
50 Devises pour les Tapisseries du Roy, par <i>Bailly</i> ....	0	17	0
51 The Pamphilian Gallery, by <i>P. da Cortona</i> .....	0	15	6
52 Two, the triumphal Entry of Prince Ferdinand, and the Pictures by <i>Rubens</i> in the Jesuits Church at Antwerp .....	1	4	0
53 The Stadthouse at Amsterdam .....	0	14	0
54 <i>Bloemart's</i> Drawing Book .....	1	7	0
55 Cause's Antiquities of Rome .....	2	12	6
56 Figures by <i>Watteau</i> .....	4	16	0
57 Two, one of Bishop's Statues, with Etchings of the greatest Masters, and the Life of Samson by <i>Verdier</i>	5	5	0
58 Huntings, &c. by <i>Stradanus</i> , <i>Saenredam</i> , &c. ....	3	14	0

## PRINTS.

59 Four by <i>Spagnoletto</i> , &c. ....	1	2	0
60 Five wood cuts .....	0	14	6
61 Five by <i>P. da Cortona</i> , <i>Ciro Ferri</i> , &c. ....	0	12	6
62 Four by <i>Titian</i> , &c. ....	1	7	0
63 Five by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	0	16	0
64 Six heads by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	1	6	0
65 Eight ditto .....	0	13	6
66 Eight ditto .....	0	13	6
67 Seven ditto .....	1	7	0
68 Three by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	17	0
69 Four by <i>George Pens</i> , &c. ....	2	1	0
70 Three by <i>Rubens</i> .....	0	10	0
71 Six landscapes by ditto .....	3	16	0
72 Four by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> , &c. ....	1	3	0
73 Four by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	0	15	0
74 Six by <i>Raphael</i> , &c. ....	1	3	0
75 Five etchings by <i>Guido</i> , <i>Barroccio</i> , &c. ....	0	16	0
76 Three ditto by <i>Lanfranc</i> and <i>P. Farinati</i> .....	0	17	0
77 Five ditto by <i>Aug. Carracci</i> .....	3	4	0
78 Three by <i>M. Angelo</i> .....	2	1	0
79 Six by <i>M. Antonio</i> , <i>Aug. Venetiano</i> , &c. ....	2	12	6
80 Four by <i>M. Antonio</i> , &c. ....	3	0	0
81 Eleven by <i>M. Antonio</i> .....	1	1	0
82 Four by <i>Geo. Mantuanus</i> .....	1	14	0
83 Three by <i>M. Antonio</i> .....	1	15	0

SIXTH NIGHT'S SALE, Tuesday, Feb. 21.

PRINTS.

LOT		£.	s.	d.
1	Ten of monuments, &c. ....	0	3	0
2	Nineteen Apostles, &c. by <i>Aug. Carracci</i> .....	1	4	0
3	Four by <i>Guercino, Domenichino, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	2	0
4	Eleven by various masters .....	1	2	0
5	Eleven flowers by <i>Baptist</i> .....	0	4	0
6	Twenty-three trophies by <i>Huet</i> .....	0	11	0
7	Nine etchings by <i>Loir</i> .....	1	4	0
8	Twelve of the <i>Radcliff</i> library .....	0	8	0
9	Three by <i>Le Moine, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	11	6
10	Ten by <i>Carracci, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	11	6
11	Eight by <i>Goupy, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	13	6
12	Twelve poets by <i>Vertue</i> .....	0	15	0
13	Two by <i>Drevet and Baron</i> .....	1	1	0
14	Five by <i>Palma, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	18	0
15	Three by <i>N. Poussin, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	2	0
16	Seven heads by <i>Nanteuil</i> .....	0	12	0
17	Three ditto by <i>Rubens, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	6	0
18	Fifteen by various masters .....	0	18	0
19	Five by <i>Seb. Bourdon, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	14	0
20	Three by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	9	0
21	Seven by <i>Raphael, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	6	0
22	Twelve by <i>Geo. Mantuanus, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	4	0
23	Nineteen of <i>Girardon's</i> gallery .....	1	4	0
24	Seven by <i>Zuccherro, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	5	0
25	Six by <i>Guido, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	1	0
26	Six by <i>Guido</i> .....	1	11	6
27	Eight heads by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	8	0
28	Eight ditto .....	1	0	0
29	Six ditto by <i>Martin Vanden Enden</i> .....	1	0	0
30	Six ditto by ditto .....	0	11	0

DRAWINGS.

31	Five of monuments .....	0	6	0
32	Four ditto .....	0	8	0
33	Six ditto .....	0	4	6
34	Four ditto .....	0	8	0
35	Four ditto .....	0	9	0
36	Five ditto .....	0	9	0
37	Four ditto .....	0	6	0
38	Four ditto .....	0	6	6
39	Three by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	2	5	0
40	Three by <i>Wovermans</i> .....	2	12	0
41	Four by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	1	2	0

LOT	£.	s.	d.
42 Two by <i>M. Angelo</i> .....	0	14	0
43 Four trophies by <i>Polydore</i> .....	0	6	6
44 Three by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	2	3	0
45 Four ditto .....	2	4	0
46 Seven by <i>Berghem, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	4	6
47 Two landscapes by <i>ditto</i> .....	1	11	6
48 Two ditto by <i>Moucheron and Wyck</i> .....	3	8	0
49 <i>Samuel, Saul, and the witches of Endor</i> , by <i>Mr. Rysbrack, framed and glazed</i> .....	3	17	0

## BOOKS OF PRINTS.

50 <i>Edes Barberini</i> .....	1	1	0
51 <i>Bartoli's antichi Sepolcri</i> .....	0	15	0
52 <i>Canini's Iconographia</i> .....	1	5	0
53 <i>History of Æneas</i> , by <i>Carracci</i> .....	1	2	0
54 <i>Le antiche Lucerne</i> .....	0	16	0
55 <i>Bishop's Statues</i> .....	2	2	0
56 <i>Versailles Immortalité</i> , 2 vol. <i>morocco, gilt</i> .....	2	3	0
57 <i>History of the Bible</i> , by <i>G. Hoet</i> .....	11	5	6
58 <i>Pavilions and Fountains</i> , by <i>Le Brun</i> .....	1	8	0
59 <i>Prints by Titian and Paulo Veronese</i> .....	1	13	0

## PRINTS.

60 One by <i>Rubens</i> , in 2 sheets, the miraculous draught of fishes .....	0	10	6
61 Three by <i>Rubens and Vandyck</i> .....	0	12	6
62 Three by <i>Rubens</i> .....	0	9	0
63 Three by <i>ditto</i> .....	0	16	0
64 Three by <i>Guido, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	15	0
65 Six etchings by <i>ditto</i> .....	2	3	0
66 Ten by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	1	8	0
67 Four by <i>Ann. and Aug. Carracci</i> .....	1	11	6
68 Three by <i>Giulio Romano, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	12	0
69 Two by <i>Raphael and Giulio Romano</i> .....	1	18	0
70 Three by <i>Ann. and Aug. Carracci</i> .....	1	10	0
71 One, the rat catcher by <i>Vischer</i> .....	2	13	0
72 One, the pancake woman by <i>ditto</i> .....	2	4	0
73 Six etchings by <i>Guido</i> .....	1	2	0
74 Four by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	1	3	0
75 Eleven by <i>Aug. Carracci</i> .....	3	10	0
76 Four by <i>Agost. Venetiano, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	4	0
77 Four by <i>Barroccio, Parmegiano, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	1	0
78 Two etchings by <i>Guido and Luca Giordano</i> .....	3	5	0
79 Eight by <i>Giulio Bonasoni, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	17	0
80 Five by <i>M. Antonio, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	4	0
81 Two by <i>Raphael and Baccio Bandinelli</i> .....	1	0	0
82 Three of the dead Christ by <i>M. Antonio</i> .....	2	18	0



## SEVENTH NIGHT'S SALE, Wednesday, Feb. 22.

## PRINTS.

LOT		£	s.	d.
1	Twelve by various masters.....	1	10	0
2	Twelve by <i>Raphael</i> , &c. ....	1	10	0
3	Four by <i>Raphael</i> and <i>P. Veronese</i> .....	1	11	6
4	Nine by various masters .....	1	13	0
5	Ten by ditto .....	1	4	0
6	Eight by <i>P. da Cortona</i> .....	0	11	6
7	Eight by <i>Della Bella</i> .....	0	10	6
8	The life of <i>St. Diego</i> by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	0	6	6
9	Thirteen by various masters .....	0	7	0
10	Thirteen by <i>Picart</i> .....	0	8	6
11	Sixteen by <i>P. Potter</i> , &c. ....	1	7	0
12	Twelve heads by <i>Lombard</i> , after <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	14	0
13	Twelve mezzotinto's after ditto.....	0	4	0
14	Eight by various masters .....	0	15	0
15	Six by <i>Raphael</i> , <i>Giulio Romano</i> , &c.....	0	17	0
16	Six by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	0	17	0
17	Six by <i>P. Veronese</i> , &c. ....	1	5	0
18	Five by <i>Titian</i> , <i>P. Veronese</i> , &c. ....	0	11	6
19	Six by <i>P. da Cortona</i> , &c. ....	0	14	0
20	Five wood cuts by <i>Raphael</i> , <i>Guido</i> , &c.....	0	10	6
21	Ten etchings by <i>P. Testa</i> , &c.....	0	10	0
22	Twelve by ditto and <i>Picart</i> .....	0	11	0
23	Four by <i>P. da Cortona</i> .....	0	5	6
24	Ten etchings by <i>Guido</i> , <i>Castiglione</i> , &c. ....	0	9	6
25	Three by <i>Guido</i> , <i>Andrea Sacchi</i> , and <i>Domenichino</i> ..	1	15	0
26	Eight heads by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	8	6
27	Six ditto after <i>Vandyck</i> , by <i>Martin Vanden Enden</i> ..	1	3	0
28	Six ditto etchings by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	2	16	0
29	Two, the triumph of the church, &c. in 4 sheets, by <i>Rubens</i> .....	0	7	6
30	Three by ditto .....	0	8	6

## DRAWINGS.

31	Four of monuments .....	1	1	0
32	Five ditto .....	0	14	6
33	Four ditto .....	0	14	6
34	Three ditto.....	0	11	0
35	Six heads by <i>Mr. Worlidge</i> .....	0	19	0
36	Four by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	3	3	0
37	Six by <i>Diepenbeck</i> .....	2	0	0
38	Five by <i>Raphael</i> , &c. ....	2	2	0
39	Four by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	3	3	0
40	Two by ditto .....	3	16	0

LOT	£.	s.	d.
41 Two by <i>Diepenbeck</i> .....	0	10	6
42 Eight by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	1	16	0
43 Two ditto .....	4	0	0
44 Five by <i>Perino del Vago, Seb. Bourdon, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	15	0
45 Four by <i>Ostade and Teniers</i> .....	2	19	0
46 A print after <i>Parmegiano</i> , touched upon by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	2	8	0
47 Six drawings by <i>Rembrandt, Polydore, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	2	0
48 Five by <i>Guercino, Vandyck, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	19	0
49 Three by <i>Agost. Carracci, Vandyck, and Ciro Ferri</i> ..	2	17	0
50 Five by <i>Polydore, Isaac Oliver, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	0	0
51 Three by <i>Sal. Rosa and Borgognone</i> .....	4	4	0
52 A sacrifice by <i>Mr. Rysbrack, framed and glazed</i> ....	3	0	0

## BOOKS OF PRINTS.

53 Two, Cuts for the Bible, after <i>Raphael, on vellum</i> , and Dresses of Women by <i>Hollar, unbound</i> .....	0	15	6
54 Figures and Groups, &c. at Versailles .....	0	12	6
55 Chapel of the Augustines, by <i>Lanfranc</i> .....	1	6	0
56 Designs by <i>La Fage</i> .....	1	1	0
57 Cupola of <i>St. Agnes</i> , by <i>Ciro Ferri</i> .....	1	1	0
58 Etchings by <i>Castiglione</i> .....	0	17	0
59 Trajan Column, in red morocco .....	2	10	0
60 Antonine ditto, in ditto .....	2	2	0

## PRINTS.

62 One of the draught of fishes, by <i>Rubens</i> , in 2 sheets .	0	10	6
63 Three by <i>Rubens</i> .....	0	15	6
64 Nine etchings by <i>Ann. Carracci, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	2	0
65 Six ditto .....	0	12	0
66 Three by <i>Corregio and P. Veronese</i> .....	3	5	0
67 One of the crucifixion by <i>Martin Vanden Enden</i> , after <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	18	6
68 One, our Saviour and his disciples at <i>Emaus</i> , by <i>Masson</i>	2	3	0
69 Three etchings by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	0	6	6
70 Three ditto by <i>Guido</i> .....	1	11	6
71 Four ditto by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	1	11	6
72 Two by <i>Marc Antonio</i> .....	4	19	0
73 Four etchings by <i>Guido</i> .....	0	15	0
74 Two by <i>Aug. Carracci</i> .....	2	17	0
75 Two ditto .....	3	3	0
76 Two by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	1	6	0
77 Two by <i>M. Antonio</i> , the last supper, &c. ....	2	19	0
78 Eight by <i>M. Antonio and Giulio Bonasoni</i> .....	1	4	0
79 Four by <i>M. Antonio</i> .....	2	3	0
80 One by ditto .....	2	3	0
81 Two by ditto .....	1	18	0

## EIGHTH NIGHT'S SALE, Thursday, Feb. 23.

## PRINTS.

LOT.		£.	s.	d.
1	Twenty-eight, the triumph of <i>Sigismund</i> , after <i>G. Romano</i> .....	0	13	0
2	Thirty-one small prints by <i>J. Freii</i> .....	1	1	0
3	Eight by <i>Gerard Segers, Diepenbeck, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	9	0
4	Nine by <i>G. Segers, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	10	0
5	Ten by <i>Diepenbeck, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	11	0
6	Four heads after .....	0	15	0
	by <i>Vischer</i> .....			
7	Sixteen, heroic virtue, by <i>P. da Cortona</i> .....	1	9	0
8	Twenty-nine by <i>Parmegiano, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	3	0
9	Sixteen by various masters .....	1	2	0
10	Twelve of <i>St. Martin de Bologna</i> .....	1	2	0
11	Sixteen wood cuts by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	1	1	0
12	Three by <i>P. Veronese, Barroccio, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	19	0
13	Three by <i>Ann. and Aug. Carracci, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	7	0
14	Four by <i>Ann Carracci</i> .....	1	3	0
15	Eight wood cuts by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	1	0	0
16	Seven by <i>P. Veronese, Fetti, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	12	6
17	Five by <i>Raphael</i> .....	1	8	0
18	Three by <i>P. Veronese</i> .....	0	14	0
19	Twelve by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	1	15	0
20	Two by <i>M. Antonio</i> , murder of the innocents, &c....	4	4	0
21	Six by <i>Titian, Tintoret, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	11	0
22	Five by <i>P. Veronese</i> .....	0	11	0
23	Four by <i>Giulio Romano, and P. Veronese</i> .....	0	15	0
24	Five by <i>Raphael and P. Veronese</i> .....	1	3	0
*24	Battle of <i>Alexander</i> after <i>Le Brun</i> , by <i>Van Gunst</i> ..	3	4	0
25	Two by <i>Edelinck</i> .....	0	12	0
26	Four by <i>Titian, Domenichino, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	1	0
27	Three portraits by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	1	12	0
28	Nine heads by <i>ditto</i> .....	0	11	0
29	Eight ditto .....	0	10	6
30	Eight ditto .....	0	18	6

## DRAWINGS.

31	Four of monuments, by <i>N. Poussin</i> .....	0	17	0
32	Five ditto by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	0	12	6
33	Four ditto .....	0	11	0
34	Four ditto .....	1	0	0
35	Five by <i>Tintoretto, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	11	6
36	Four by <i>Carlo Marratti, Vandyck, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	15	0
37	Three by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	3	3	0
38	Two by <i>ditto</i> .....	2	8	0
39	Three by <i>Tillemans, Wyck, &amp;c.</i> .....	3	5	6
40	Four by <i>Rademaker and Goree</i> .....	7	0	0

LOT	£	s.	d.
41 Nine by <i>Giulio Romano, P. Brueghel, Vander Merren, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	5	0
42 Three landscapes by <i>Van Uden, &amp;c.</i> .....	5	5	0
43 Two by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	3	13	0
44 Two by <i>ditto</i> .....	7	7	0
45 Five by <i>Rubens, Vandyck, &amp;c.</i> .....	4	11	0
46 Four by <i>Garofalo, Mola, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	12	6
47 Six by <i>Claude, Borgognone, &amp;c.</i> .....	4	4	0
48 Three by <i>Seb. Concha</i> .....	2	3	0
49 Four by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	6	15	0
50 Two by <i>Palma and Baccio Bandinelli</i> .....	2	10	0
*50 One by <i>Vandevelde, framed and glazed</i> .....	1	16	0

## BOOKS OF PRINTS.

51 Statues, Grottos and Fountains of Versailles .....	2	2	0
52 Tapisseries du Roy .....	1	1	0
53 <i>Tenier's</i> Theatre of Painters .....	5	2	6
54 Farnesian Gallery, and Cupid and Psyche .....	1	13	0
55 Antiquities of Rome, by <i>Bellori</i> .....	2	16	0
56 The Feasts of Versailles .....	0	13	0
57 <i>Historia di Bartoldo, &amp;c.</i> by <i>Crespi</i> .....	2	6	0
58 The Trajan Column .....	1	16	0
59 <i>Cheselden's Osteographia</i> .....	1	12	0

## PRINTS.

61 Six heads after <i>Vandyck</i> , by <i>Martin Vanden Enden</i> ..	1	17	0
62 Five landscapes by <i>Rubens</i> .....	3	4	0
63 One, the triumph of the church, in 2 sheets, by <i>ditto</i> ..	0	5	6
64 Two, the ecce homo, &c. after <i>Vandyck</i> , by <i>M. Vanden Enden</i> .....	1	8	0
65 Three by <i>Ann. and Aug. Carracci</i> .....	1	6	0
66 Four by <i>Corregio</i> .....	1	2	0
67 Three by <i>Barroccio, Palma, &amp;c.</i> .....	2	10	0
68 One, the Savoyard, after <i>Ostade</i> , by <i>Cor. Vischer</i> ..	3	15	0
69 Two by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	1	0	0
70 Two by <i>Geo. Mantuanus</i> .....	0	16	6
71 Three by <i>Bendino, Ann. Carracci, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	17	0
72 One, the holy family, after <i>Raphael</i> , by <i>Edelinck</i> ..	2	5	0
73 Three ditto, by <i>ditto</i> .....	2	13	0
74 Two by <i>A. Carracci</i> , silence with the variations .....	3	17	0
75 Two etchings by <i>Guido</i> .....	2	3	0
76 One after <i>Corregio</i> , by <i>Aug. Carracci</i> .....	1	2	0
77 One, the salutation, by <i>Barroccio</i> .....	1	1	0
78 One after <i>Carravagio</i> , by <i>Vosterman</i> .....	4	5	0
79 Two by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	1	19	0
80 One, <i>St. Roch</i> , by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	1	7	0
81 Two, the school of <i>Athens</i> , and dispute on the sacrament, after <i>Raphael</i> , by <i>Geo. Mantuanus</i> .....	3	6	0

## NINTH NIGHT'S SALE, Friday, Feb. 24.

## PRINTS.

LOT	£.	s.	d.
1 Seven heads by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	14	6
2 Eight ditto.....	1	2	0
3 Eight ditto.....	1	4	0
4 Four portraits by <i>Raphael</i> .....	2	15	0
5 Eight imitations of drawings by Count <i>Caylus</i> .....	0	8	0
6 Seven ditto .....	0	11	6
7 Nine by <i>Guido</i> .....	1	17	0
8 Seven in clara oscura .....	0	8	0
9 Five by <i>Raphael</i> .....	1	7	0
10 Seven imitations of drawings .....	0	7	6
11 Eight ditto by Count <i>Caylus</i> .....	0	7	6
12 Seven ditto .....	0	18	6
13 Four by <i>Bouchardon, Vanloo, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	9	0
14 Ten heads by <i>Morin</i> .....	0	6	0
15 Seventeen by <i>P. Potter and Stoop</i> .....	0	17	6
16 Nine by <i>Corregio, Guercino, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	19	0
17 Eight by <i>Guercino, &amp;c.</i> .....	0	19	0
18 Thirteen by <i>Raphael and Schiamozzi</i> .....	0	11	6
19 Six by <i>Geo. Mantuanus</i> .....	0	7	6
20 Five by <i>Raphael</i> .....	1	7	0
21 Six heads after <i>Vandyck</i> , by <i>Martin Vanden Enden</i> ..	0	14	0
22 Six ditto .....	1	1	0
23 Six etchings by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	2	5	0
24 Four by <i>Vandyck and Rubens</i> .....	0	16	0
25 Two by <i>Guido</i> .....	1	3	0
26 Three by <i>Rubens</i> .....	1	12	0
27 Two by ditto and <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	15	0
28 Three by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	1	11	6
29 Four after <i>Guido</i> by <i>Mr. Strange</i> .....	1	2	0
30 Six by <i>Guido</i> .....	1	19	0

## DRAWINGS.

31 Three of monuments .....	0	15	6
32 Three ditto .....	1	2	0
33 Three ditto by <i>N. Poussin</i> .....	1	3	0
34 Nine by <i>Diepenbeck</i> .....	2	5	0
35 Four by <i>Mr. Rysbrack</i> .....	1	17	0
36 Two by <i>Simon Vouet</i> .....	2	8	0
37 Four by <i>Polidore, Guercino, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	8	0
38 Five heads by <i>Rubens, Vandyck, &amp;c.</i> .....	1	11	6
39 One by <i>Balestra</i> .....	0	12	0
40 One by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	2	3	0
41 Three by <i>Ann. Carracci, Vandyck, &amp;c.</i> .....			

LOT	£.	s.	d.
42 Four by <i>Vandevelde</i> .....	1	16	0
43 Five by <i>Raphael</i> , &c. ....	1	10	0
44 Three landscapes by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> and <i>G. Poussin</i> ..	0	11	0
45 One, a print of <i>Parmegiano</i> , touched upon by Mr. <i>Rysbrack</i> .....	2	10	0
46 Three landscapes by <i>Claude Lorraine</i> .....	5	10	0
47 Two by <i>Guercino</i> and <i>Paolo Farinati</i> .....	4	8	0
48 One by <i>Andrea del Sarto</i> , framed and glazed .....	7	7	0

## BOOKS OF PRINTS.

49 The Farnesian Gallery, by <i>Carracci</i> .....	0	17	0
50 Triumphal Arches in Rome, by <i>Bartoli</i> .....	1	16	0
51 Works of <i>Lairesse</i> .....	2	14	0
52 Les Edfices de Rome, par <i>Desgodetz</i> .....	7	2	6
53 Heads of illustrious Persons of Great Britain .....	13	3	0
54 Statues antique and moderne .....	8	10	0
55 <i>Carracci's</i> Drawing Book .....	3	4	0
56 The Luxemburg Gallery .....	8	8	0
57 The Works of <i>Carlo Marratti</i> , 1 vol. ....	53	11	0

## PRINTS.

58 Five by <i>Barroccio</i> , <i>Tintoretto</i> , &c. ....	2	0	0
59 Two by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	1	1	0
60 Six by <i>Mich. Angelo</i> , <i>Barroccio</i> , &c. ....	2	3	0
61 Three by <i>Titian</i> , <i>Ann. Carracci</i> , &c. ....	1	1	0
62 Four by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	3	3	0
63 Two by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	15	0
64 Two by <i>Rembrandt</i> , the descent from the cross, and the ecce homo. ....	5	0	0
65 One of the crucifixion, after <i>Tintoret</i> , by <i>Sadeler</i> ....	0	10	6
66 One by <i>Van Uliet</i> , after <i>Lievens</i> .....	1	16	0
67 One by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	1	0	0
68 One after <i>Corregio</i> , by <i>Vischer</i> .....	1	15	0
69 Four etchings by <i>Spagnoletto</i> .....	0	14	0
70 Two ditto .....	1	1	0
71 One of the last judgment, by <i>Martin Rota</i> .....	0	17	0
72 One of the burgomaster, by <i>Suyderhoef</i> .....	3	12	0
73 One of the last supper, by <i>Leonardo da Vinci</i> .....	2	3	0
74 Three by <i>Marc Antonio</i> .....	2	10	0
75 One of the judgment of <i>Paris</i> , by <i>G. Mantuanus</i> ....	3	7	0
76 Three by <i>Marc Antonio</i> .....	1	7	0
77 Two by <i>ditto</i> .....	2	15	0
78 Two, <i>St. Cæcilia</i> , by <i>M. Antonio</i> and the copy .....	2	11	0



## TENTH NIGHT'S SALE, Saturday, Feb. 25.

## PRINTS.

LOT	£.	s.	d.
1 Twenty-one by various masters .....	0	11	6
2 Twelve by ditto .....	0	11	0
3 Eight etchings by Mr. Wilson .....	0	15	0
4 Eight by <i>Rubens</i> , &c. ....	0	9	0
5 Seven by ditto .....	0	9	6
6 Eight by ditto and <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	9	6
7 Six after <i>Rigaud</i> .....	0	6	0
8 Eight by <i>Raphael</i> , &c. ....	0	18	6
9 Fourteen by various masters .....	0	8	6
10 Eight by <i>Guido</i> , &c. ....	1	1	0
11 Six by <i>Palma</i> , <i>Guarino</i> , &c. ....	1	2	0
12 Seven by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> , &c. ....	0	10	6
13 Seven by <i>Parmegiano</i> , &c. ....	0	11	0
14 Seven etchings by <i>Guido</i> , &c. ....	0	17	0
15 Five by <i>Mich. Angelo</i> , &c. ....	0	19	0
16 Four by <i>P. da Cortona</i> , <i>Lanfranc</i> , &c. ....	0	15	0
17 Three etchings by <i>Guido</i> .....	1	0	0
18 Two by <i>Rubens</i> .....	0	7	6
19 Two by ditto .....	0	7	6
20 Three by ditto and <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	9	0
21 Six by <i>Corregio</i> and <i>Guido</i> .....	0	8	6
22 Twelve statues, after <i>Raphael</i> , by <i>Audran</i> .....	1	3	0
23 Eight heads by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	1	4	0
24 Eight ditto .....	0	9	0
25 Five after ditto, by <i>Hollar</i> .....	0	10	0
26 Six etchings, by <i>Vandyck</i> .....	0	13	6
27 Six ditto .....	1	3	0
28 Five by <i>Raphael</i> .....	1	3	0
29 One by <i>Aug. Carracci</i> , in 2 sheets .....	1	3	0
30 Two, <i>St. Jerome</i> , by <i>Bol</i> .....	0	16	0

## DRAWINGS.

31 Five of monuments .....	}	1	9	0
32 Three ditto .....				
33 Eight by <i>Alegrini</i> , &c. ....		1	9	0
34 Four by <i>Rubens</i> , &c. ....		1	1	0
35 One by <i>Cheron</i> .....		1	17	0
36 Two by <i>Giorgioni</i> and <i>Carlo Maratti</i> .....		0	12	0
37 Three by <i>Polydore</i> .....		1	2	0
38 One by <i>Corneille</i> .....		3	9	0
39 Three by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....		3	13	6
40 Four by <i>Guercino</i> , &c. ....		2	10	0

LOT	f.	s.	d.
41 One by <i>Guido</i> .....	1	1	0
42 Two battles by <i>Borgognone</i> .....	3	6	0
43 One by <i>Corregio</i> .....	3	11	0
44 One landscape by <i>Claude Lorraine</i> .....	3	4	0
45 One by <i>Polydore</i> .....	4	14	6
46 One by <i>Guercino</i> .....	5	17	6
47 Two by <i>Claude Lorraine</i> .....	3	13	6
48 One of <i>Coriolanus</i> , by <i>P. da Cortona</i> , framed and glazed .....	16	5	0

## BOOKS OF PRINTS.

49 <i>Cupid and Psyche</i> .....	5	5	0
50 <i>Galeria Giustiniana</i> .....	3	5	0
51 <i>Vauet's Works</i> .....	3	3	0
52 Drawings of Architecture, by <i>Natiuelle</i> .....	1	5	0
53 The whole Lengths of <i>Vandyck</i> .....	9	9	0
54 <i>Gastoni's Museum Florentinum</i> , 3 vol. ....	8	8	0
55 <i>MONTFAUCON's Antiquities with the Supplement</i> , 15 vol. ....	20	5	0
56 <i>THE WORKS OF POUSSIN</i> , 3 vol. ....	103	3	0

## PRINTS.

57 Two by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	1	10	0
58 Six by <i>Parmegiano</i> , &c. ....	0	19	6
59 Four by <i>Corregio Ann. Carracci</i> , &c. ....	1	2	0
60 Seven cartoons by <i>Dorigni</i> .....	4	8	0
61 Two etchings by <i>Vandyck</i> , the <i>ecce homo</i> , and <i>Titian</i> and his mistress .....	1	19	0
62 Two by <i>Parmegiano</i> .....	0	11	6
63 Two etchings by <i>Guido</i> .....	2	2	0
64 Two ditto by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> .....	2	2	0
65 Four by <i>Bonasoni</i> .....	0	17	0
66 Four by <i>Geo. Mantuanis</i> , &c. ....	1	11	0
67 Six by <i>Marc Antonio</i> , &c. ....	2	4	0
68 Two by <i>ditto</i> , murder of the innocents, &c. ....	4	14	6
69 Three by <i>ditto</i> .....	2	0	0
70 Two by <i>ditto</i> .....	4	4	0
71 One, <i>Raphael's dream</i> .....	5	10	0
72 Two by <i>M. Antonio</i> , judgment of <i>Paris</i> , &c. ....	2	15	0
73 One, the crucifixion, 3 sheets, by <i>Aug. Carracci</i> . ....	4	4	0
74 One, <i>Raphael's dream</i> .....	2	15	0
75 One by <i>M. Antonio</i> .....	3	4	0
76 One by <i>ditto</i> , the <i>parnassus</i> .....	3	19	0

FINIS.

THE ZEPHYR WHICH WARMS IN WINTER, COOLS  
IN SUMMER.

THERE is a charm,—which joys bestows  
    'To man, in sorrow's hour;—  
Whose lustres darkling pain oppose,  
    With smiling, healing, pow'r.  
When melancholy spreads her veil,  
    And shrouds his heart in grief;  
When with'ring fears his soul assail,  
    This fount wells forth relief.  
Wouldst thou this charm, pure, steadfast, prove?—  
Seek it in constant woman's love.

But this sweet charm, which joys renews  
    When anguish stings, so kind,  
Becomes when pleasure *man's* path strews,  
    As changing as the wind.  
And when care's clouds afar have roll'd,  
    Uncertain grows and coy;  
Assuming oft a visage cold,  
    In brightest hours of joy—  
If thou wouldst this, so fickle prove,  
Seek it by changing woman's love.

I. H. Jun.

*Down Hall.*

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FROM THE MANUAL OF AN ARTIST.

OCTOBER 15, 18\*\*. Yesterday, after having sketched portions of the abbey of W—, whose mouldering walls, like the sear and yellow leaf of the neighbouring forest seem hastening to decay, I continued musing on those vestiges of antiquity which have withstood the shock of Time, and their more dreaded spoliator, Rapine.

The grand and severe outline contrasted against the soft blue sky, which the moon had begun partially to enlighten, created an effect well calculated to induce reflection; and the locality associated itself with the austerities of monachism—the rise and decadence of the papal power—the mutability of all things earthly. This very mound, thought I, (falling in with the philosophy of Ulric of Schaumbourg,) which forms my seat, united, for a time, with a spark of the divine essence,

may have known all the sensations and feelings of this animate but ephemeral existence. How shortly may it not be our turn to render a like humble office to posterity?

Abstracted in this kind of reverie, I failed to mark the portentous aspect the night assumed, until drops "like the first of a thunder-shower," admonished me to seek a more sheltered spot. From this retreat I observed, in seeming contempt of the pitiless storm, a couple of short square figures, pass more than once through the churchyard; and, although the moon was wholly obscured, when I bent my steps towards "mine inn," I fancied I still perceived them, "Be thy intents wicked or charitable?" They were silent; and I pursued my way: but was not suffered to "burst in ignorance."

My route lay through the fields, and I was in the act of surmounting the third stile, when the words "seize the villain," uttered in a feminine voice, produced upon me all the effect of Oberon's horn; my hands clung involuntarily to the rail—my feet were fixed to the bars! Half a dozen raggamuffins now crowded about me with tumultuous vociferation, strongly indicating the joy they felt at having a *resurrectionist*, (for such they mistook me to be,) in their power; and I really believe, that but for the darkness of the night, I should have been summarily condemned, it may be, drowned!

At length, however, I was fortunate enough to effect an *eclaircissement*, when it appeared, that the sanctity of the grave having been recently violated by wretches, who, (disappointed, as is supposed, in a means of conveyance,) had left their prey in a ditch near the place, my persecutors were waiting in the hope of detecting them. The mysterious figures were two young women, who kept their vigils o'er a father's grave, and had followed me from the churchyard, to the scene of this ludicrous rencontre.

•• The veritable miscreants were apprehended the following evening, which circumstance ought to have completely exonerated me; but the fact of my being at such a time, in such a place, proved an enigma, that long puzzled the good people of W——.

T: M.

## PRACTICAL REMARKS ON LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

WHEN the American philosopher had developed the principles of this useful apparatus, it remained, of course, the work of time and continued experiment to point out with precision, the materials and modes of applying them most conducive to successful results: and every improvement must necessarily add to the value of the original discovery.

As the history of the subject embraces a small space only, it may not be amiss to refer, briefly, to its origin. In the last century, at the instance of Dr. Franklin, pointed iron rods were set up in several parts of this country, and in France; and the first phenomenon observed, was near Paris in 1752, when a rod continued electrified for half an hour, emitting sparks a couple of inches in length. After this practical illustration of the nature and effects of atmospheric electricity, the lightning-rod was generally adopted for the security of buildings, and has been occasionally applied to ships. It was usually formed of stout iron wire,\* surmounting the highest part of the edifice, to which it was attached by staples, and descending into the earth or drains there discharged the electric matter; but, as staples of iron must equally possess the conducting quality with the rod itself, glass was sometimes substituted;† and, until very recently, no further material improvement appears to have occurred.

A lightning rod of a novel description has been affixed to St. Paul's church, Huddersfield; and has proved perfectly efficacious. "It consists of copper gas piping, in lengths of about ten feet, screwed into sockets. The conductor terminates at the summit, in a pyramidal form, inserted by a joint into the hollow pipe. The lightning, therefore, finds a ready entrance, not only by the sharp point, but the angles of the copper pyramid. The pipe immediately beneath this point is perforated, so that the lightning may be diffused over both surfaces, internal as well as external; and facilities of escape to the earth will be further enhanced by the wet that penetrates the tube

\* Iron, according to a writer on the subject, is nearly the worst metallic conductor; and when covered with rust, its slight conducting character is quite enfeebled.

† It was a prevalent error, that window glass and mirrors attracted lightning. I have often seen them avoided during a thunder storm. Glass is a non-conductor; the legs of stools, for experiments in electricity, are made of this substance, to prevent the escape of the fluid; and knobs of it are sometimes fixed on vanes, &c. to prevent the action of lightning.

during the rain† which falls in the storm." In 1831, when two contiguous houses were injured, the church and steeple escaped unhurt. A gentleman who was on the spot, in a letter with which I have been favoured, says, "The fluid was seen flowing to the copper-pointed tip of the conductor, but was harmless." It should be observed too, that this rod has helts of zinc at specific distances, for the purpose of preserving copper from oxydation.

A similar apparatus has been put up at Stratford church, but without the pyramid at the top; the orifice being left uncontracted for the more ready admission of rain. It is made to pass through blocks of wood, which are confined by rough iron staples going into the wall, and the rod is thus kept a couple of inches distant from the building:—here, however, we may look for improvement.

We have seen in the course of the foregoing remarks, that rain falling on the conductor is favourable to the transmission of the electric fluid; it must therefore be desirable (whatever be the mode of attachment) to prevent the communication of its moisture with the edifice: and to this end, wood, from its absorbent nature must naturally yield to glass. It occurs to me that a hollow cone of this material might be advantageously used, four or five inches in diameter at the base, cemented to an iron staple, and diminishing gradually: the upper edge would clasp the rod, while the water would be readily thrown off by the lower part.

T. M.

† The active agency of water in electrical phenomena was demonstrated by experiment, so early as in the year 1747. "A line of iron wire was laid along the pavement of Westminster Bridge, and turned down the steps at each end to the edge of the Thames. On the Westminster shore stood a person holding the end of the wire in his left hand, and an iron rod dipping in the water in his right. On the Surrey side of the bridge stood another person with the wire in his right hand, and in his left a large coated jar filled with electricity. Near him was a third person, who held in his left hand an iron rod dipping in the river, and with his right hand touched the charged jar. The electricity immediately snapped, and the shock was instantaneously felt by the three operators, in the same manner, as if the wire had extended without interruption from the beginning to the end of the communication. Hence it was evident, that as the wire was interrupted by the whole breadth of the river, the electricity must have been communicated by the water, in the interval, between the ends of the wire and rods.—*Cabinet of Arts*, p. 97.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Cartonensia*: by the REV. W. GUNN, B. D. London: James Ridgway. 1833.

THIS useful and entertaining work is described in its title-page as "An historical and critical account of the Tapestries, in the Palace of the Vatican; copied from the designs of Raphael, of Urbino, and of such of the cartoons whence they were woven, as are now in preservation." It is obviously the production of a learned, talented, and Christian man. After a modest and unpretending preface, Mr. Gunn proceeds to give a highly interesting sketch of the life of Raphael. We wish it were in our power to present our readers with this piece of biography, in the author's own words; but, as the limits of this notice preclude such an extract, we will merely select from the book the most prominent features in the life of the painter, and recommend those of our readers who are interested by our selection, to procure the work itself; and, if any are not so interested, we venture to say, that the fault is with us, and advise them also to purchase the book, and do the author justice, by reading it.

Raphael, of the family of Sanzio, was born at Urbino, the capital of the Legation, so denominated, in the year 1483. His father was a painter, who, though himself of little merit, could see his son's rising genius, and therefore endeavoured to afford him the means of superior instruction, by placing him, at the age of thirteen, under Pietro Perugino, then in his highest reputation. This master, though stiff in his figures, and scanty in his drapery, is exceedingly graceful in his heads, particularly those of youths and females. Raphael remained with him for three years, after which, he associated himself with Bernardino Pinturicchio, a fellow-pupil, whom he accompanied to Siena, where he assisted in embellishing the cathedral,—by painting, in *fresco*, the history of Pius II. The sketches and cartoons,\* for this great undertaking, were designed by the youthful artist himself. The style of these compositions is that which is commonly understood to be his first manner. The work was completed in three years. Raphael then went to Florence, where he was received by the best society, and where he paid much attention to the study of the antique. He resided prin-

\* Cartoon. Ital. Cartone. A painting or drawing upon large paper. JOHNSON.

cipally at Florence, till 1508, when he was summoned to Rome, by the reigning Pontiff, Julius II., who, on his arrival, honoured him with the most flattering distinction. He was placed in the Vatican, and surrounded by every advantage. Julius was succeeded in 1153, by Leo X., who continued to Raphael the patronage of his predecessor. The painter then applied himself to the study of architecture, in addition to his own profession, under Bramante Lazzari, a relation and fellow-citizen; and, upon his decease, which happened in seven years, Raphael was appointed first architect to the Basilica of St. Peter. Soon after, he was constituted conservator of the antiquities, and superintendant of the embellishments of modern Rome—" *ut integrum urbem architectorum oculis considerandam proponeret.*"

Raphael was majestic in person, graceful, and of a noble and commanding appearance, and his moral qualities accorded with his natural endowments. He was void of all conceit, jealousy, and envy, was just to his competitors, and remarkably kind and affectionate to his pupils. His respect for his early master he preserved through life; and when employed in the Vatican, and commanded to destroy many of the works of former artists, he refused to obey when he came to those of Pietro Perugino, and prevailed on the Pope to spare them. His exertions in his profession unhappily tended to undermine a constitution naturally delicate, and he was carried off by a fever, in his 37th year. A public funeral at Rome was awarded to his remains.

The above is an outline of Mr. Gunn's memoir of the prince of painters. The work before us then proceeds to give an historical account of the Cartoons, which we are informed were executed during the two last years of Raphael's life. When finished, they were sent into Flanders, to be woven. They were woven with the utmost care, and cost 70,000 crowns. In the sack of Rome, in 1526, they were carried away, but were afterwards restored. They were again carried away by the French, in 1798, but were repurchased, in 1814. They are now constantly open to inspection, in the apartment of Pius V., in the Vatican. A few of the originals found their way to England, and are now, as is well known, in the gallery at Hampton Court, built for them by King William. The remainder were destroyed by wantonness and neglect. The author gives a detailed account of the various engravings made from them, which will well repay a perusal. This is followed by a minute description of each of the tapestries, of which the following is a list:

1. The Adoration of the Shepherds.
2. The Adoration of the Magi.

3. The Massacre of the Innocents.
4. Christ presented in the Temple.
5. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.
6. The Last Charge to Peter.
7. The Descent into Limbus.
8. The Resurrection.
9. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen in the Garden, and to the Disciples at Emmaus.
10. The Ascension of our Lord.
11. The Descent of Tongues.
12. The Stoning of St. Stephen.
13. The Conversion of St. Paul.
14. St. Paul and St. Barnabas at Lystra.
15. St. Paul preaching at Athens.
16. The Death of Ananias.
17. The Earthquake,\* (delivering St. Paul and Silas.)
18. The Lame Man restored by St. Peter and St. John.
19. Elymas struck blind by St. Paul.

Some highly interesting notes follow, after which comes an admirable disquisition upon the "*Καλον*," and its origin, which must be read throughout to be appreciated, and, therefore, we shall not offer any extracts from it. An essay "on the causes which retard the higher departments of painting in this country," concludes the work, among which causes are assigned the prohibitory laws against the importation of works of art, the English love of Caricature, (in deprecating which, we heartily concur with Mr. Gunn,) the contentions and jealousies among artists, and their exorbitant charges.

In dismissing this work, we would recommend it most cordially to our friends. The artist will find much information, coupled with much admirable advice in its pages, while the general reader will be amused with its details, and instructed by the remarks both historical and theological, which he will meet with in perusing it. Mr. Gunn is a man of much critical acumen, softened down and polished by his gentlemanly feelings, and amiable spirit; and we think that few will arise from his book, without sensations of gratitude for his labours in its compilation, and of satisfaction for the information he so pleasingly communicates.

\* The earthquake is represented as a giant, *horrendum visu*, raising the prison on his shoulders, and overthrowing it.

*Memorials of Oxford.* Edited by the Rev. James Ingram, D.D., with Engravings, by J. Le Keux, from Original Drawings, by F. Mackenzie. TILT, London; and PARKER, SLATTER, and GRAHAM, Oxford.

THE eleventh number of this valuable work has just been put into our hands. We have had occasion to speak of the publication before, and can, therefore, say little more at present, than that this number fully equals any of the preceding. It contains two copper-plates, one of Magdalene Church, from St. Giles's, which is seen through a vista of trees, backed by houses of old and picturesque appearance, and the other, giving a nearer view of the same church, taken from an opposite direction. The finish of this last plate is exquisite, the Gothic tracery and ornaments being done in the style in which Mr. Le Keux so peculiarly excels. The tree also, to the right, is very pleasingly executed. In addition to these engravings the number contains five wood-cuts, the first being a part of the nave of St. Mary Magdalene's; the second the font in the same church; the third, which is very pretty, presents some old houses in the neighbourhood of St. Mary's, which were taken down in 1820; the fourth gives the remains of Beaumont Palace (built in 1132 by Henry I.) as they appeared in 1800; and the last, which is in our opinion the best, is a view of Kettel Hall, built in 1615. The letter-press is, as usual, both entertaining and instructive, particularly to those who are (and who is not in some measure) at all fond of antiquities. Of course, every person who has imbibed classic lore on the banks of the Isis, is subscribing to the work, but we write to recommend it to those who have not had that advantage.

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*Rejected Addresses, or the New Theatrum Poetarum.* Eighteenth Edition. London, Murray, 1833.

ENGLISHMEN, in spite of the characteristic solidity of their nation, are universally addicted to caricature. Notwithstanding the repeated efforts of the potent, grave, and reverend seigniors of the government, the bench, and the pulpit, to keep down this propensity to ridicule the most weighty matters, the crowds before the windows of our print-shops, and the hosts of purchasers of our satirical publications, bear ample testimony to the unavailing nature of those well meant endea-

vours, and the only visible reward obtained by these enlightened personages is their discovery that their very attempts themselves have done more towards furnishing matter for the pencil of the caricaturist, the pen of the satirist, than those worthies by their own talents could have afforded, had their invention been taxed to its utmost extent. The French, with all the levity which has been for centuries their stigma, and which (*en passant*) it is affirmed is now fast wearing off, fall far short of us in this department of art, and it is a well known fact that few articles of ingenuity (*taste* we will not call it,) have a more rapid sale among the middle classes of Paris than the *Caricatures Anglaises*. It must be confessed at the same time that where this art is practised by our *ci-devant* volatile neighbours, the execution of their prints surpasses that of our own. For our own part we think that in the present case it is rather a credit to be defeated than to defeat, and though not unmindful of Horace's rules, we cannot at all coincide with the principle of turning into ridicule the most solemn and important transactions; and, independently of this consideration, we fully agree with the Rev. Mr. Gunn, who in his "*Cartonensia*," a notice of which will be found in a previous part of this month's Magazine, states his conviction that the love of caricature, now so prevalent in England, has operated, and is operating as much towards the depression of the higher branches of art, in the country, as any other cause whatever.

While, however, we give the above as our opinion on this subject, we would by no means wish to be understood as speaking altogether unfavourably of ridicule and caricature as a whole. Indeed there are few things which are in themselves so totally useless as to deserve to come under so sweeping a ban of excommunication. We think that in many instances, judicious and well timed satire has been the means of opening the eyes of the public to much absurdity and frivolity, in many books and men whose dogmas and sentiments had previously been received without the "shadow of a question;" and that it has had likewise an equally salutary effect upon the authors of such works themselves, and by it many have been as it were driven to a course far more worthy of their talents and of themselves.

"Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."

Many satirists have been eminently useful in this way; Horace and Juvenal, among the ancients: and Pope, with his *Dunciad*; Gifford, with his *Baviad* and *Mæviad*; and Byron, with his *English Bards* and

Scotch Reviewers, among the moderns. The check which the dread of this powerful weapon imposes upon the Grub Street gang, is exceedingly salutary, and serves greatly to restrain an immense flood of nonsense and absurdity which, as Sir Caret M'Hyphendash very justly observes, "might be productive of most dreadful—awful—nay astounding mischief if let loose upon the reading public."

Of this class are burlesque imitations, of which the volume, whose name heads this article, is composed. A similar production was published by the Ettrick Shepherd, under the title of the "Poetic Mirror." Many of our most celebrated writers are omitted by one of these two works, but most are comprised in the two conjointly. We will give a notice of each imitation contained in the work before us.

Our younger readers may not perhaps be aware that about two months previous to the opening of the present Drury Lane Theatre, an advertisement appeared in the daily papers stating that the Committee for the rebuilding of that edifice wished to promote a "free and fair competition for an address to be spoken upon the opening of the theatre," and therefore would be glad to receive any such composition, to be addressed to their secretary, under cover, with motto, seal, &c., precisely as if it were a contract for supplying the theatre with brooms. In spite, however, of this mercantile commencement forty-three addresses (according to the Quarterly Review) were actually sent in as directed, among which was one by the authors of the work before us. The Committee, after receiving the various communications, distrusted their own abilities in making a selection, and consequently sagaciously rejected all and obtained an address from Lord Byron, which was duly delivered. Immediately upon this step being taken, Messrs. James and Horace Smith produced the little book, the eighteenth edition of which has just been completed. It contains a series of imitations (*quasi* addresses) of the most distinguished of our then living bards, many of whom, alas, have since been taken from us.

The first of the addresses is designated "Loyal Effusion," by W. T. Fitzgerald, styled by Byron, "Hoarse Fitzgerald," and by Cobbett, "The Small Beer Poet." It is remarkable merely for vulgarity and ineffable absurdity, and after charging upon Napoleon all the misfortunes, British and foreign, which had happened for the last fifty years, winds up by a benediction upon "every man possessed of aught to give," the army and navy, and their jackets, the Princess Charlotte, the guard's pigtails, &c. &c.

"The Baby's Debut," by Wordsworth, now comes, which is a most admirable imitation of the simplicity, almost amounting to childishness,



which is apparent in that gentleman's ballads. It is too long for extracting, and to abridge it would be to spoil it.

"An Address without a Phoenix" follows with the initials S. T. P., which were merely intended to puzzle the public. It was written by one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and, as he says, "was really sent in, and really rejected." We extract the following lines, by which it will be seen that the address possesses much merit:—

"Where late the sister Muses sweetly sung,  
And raptured thousands on their music hung,  
Where Wit and Wisdom shone, by Beauty graced  
Sat lovely Silence, empress of the waste;  
And still had reign'd—but he, whose voice can raise  
More magic wonders than Amphion's lays,  
Bade jarring bands with friendly zeal engage  
To rear the prostrate glories of the stage.  
Up leap'd the Muses at the potent spell,  
And Drury's genius saw his temple swell;  
Worthy, we hope, the British Drama's cause,  
Worthy of British arts, and *your* applause."

The next is "Cui Bono?" by Lord Byron, headed by an excellent wood-cut of Cruikshank's representing his lordship, in his arm-chair with the "element and alcohol" at his elbow, and engaged in disturbing the equilibrium of a terrestrial globe placed before him, or in other words, kicking over the world. The imitation is in the metre of "Childe Harold," and the misanthropical style of that work is given with much fidelity.

The next is by William Cobbett, and is one of the best in the volume. That powerful yet vulgar writer is excellently taken off in the following commencement: "Most thinking people, when persons address an audience from the stage, it is usual, either in words or gesture, to say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, your servant.' If I were base enough, mean enough, paltry enough, and *brute beast* enough, to follow that fashion I should be telling two lies in a breath," &c. "You are called the mob, the *scum* of the people, and the *dregs* of the people. I should like to know how you can be both. Take a basin of broth—not *cheap soup*, Mr. *Wilberforce*—not soup for the poor at a penny a quart, as your mixture of horses' legs, brick dust, and old shoes was denominated—but plain, wholesome, patriotic beef or mutton broth; take this, examine it, and you will find—mind, I don't vouch for the fact, but I am told—you will find the *dregs* at the *bottom*, and the *scum* at the *top*, &c."

The address which follows is also a very good one. It purports to be by Thomas Moore, and is styled, "The Living Lustres," wherein that gentleman proposes to substitute for lamps the eyes "of a row of young beauties." The following verses appear to us peculiarly Moore-ish.

## III.

"When woman's soft smile all our senses bewilders,  
And gilds, while it carves, her dear form on the heart,  
What need has New Drury of carvers and gilders?  
With Nature so bounteous, why call upon Art?"

## XIII.

"Oh! Erin surpasses the daughters of Neptune,  
As Dian outshines each encircling star;  
And the spheres of the heavens could never have kept tune  
Till set to the music of Erin-go-bragh!"

The laureat succeeds. His poem is headed "The Rebuilding." It is rather long, and an exact copy of the metre of the Curse of Kehama. It begins,

"I am a blessed Glendoveer;  
'Tis mine to speak, and your's to hear.  
Midnight, yet not a nose  
From Tower-hill to Piccadilly snored;  
Midnight, yet not a nose  
From India drew the essence of repose;  
See with what crimson fury,

By India fann'd, the god of fire ascends the walls of Drury.

"Drury's Dirge," by Laura Matilda, succeeds. The authors are gallant enough to wish to conceal this lady's name, and we of course must tread in their footsteps. The piece is extremely smooth and easy, and complete nonsense. The last two verses will shew its nature.

Where is Cupid's crimson motion?  
Billowy ecstasy of woe,  
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,  
Where the stagnant torrents flow.  
Blood in every vein is gushing,  
Vixen vengeance lulls my heart,  
See! the Gorgon gang is rushing;  
Never, never let us part!

We have now one of the most elaborate and most faithful imitations in the book in "A Tale of Drury Lane," by Walter Scott. It is divided, *more suo*, into four parts; the Introduction, the Night; the Burning, and the Revival. The Burning is the longest and the best. In it Sir Walter Scott's minuteness of detail and his description of the

situation and circumstances of the scene of action are admirably copied. The following recital of the engines and firemen is a complete parody.

The Hand in Hand the race begun,  
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,  
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,  
The Eagle, where the new;  
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,  
Robins from Hockly in the Hole,  
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,  
Crump from St. Giles's Pound:  
Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,  
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,  
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain  
Before the plug was found.  
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,  
But ah! no trophy could they reap,  
For both were in the Donjon Keep  
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound!

In fact, the author of *Waverley* is reported to have said upon being shewn this poem, "I must certainly have written this myself, although I forget upon what occasion."

On turning the page, the portentous words, "*Johnson's Ghost*," stare us in the face. The Doctor's inflated style is exceedingly overdone, but parts of the address are excellent. "*Parturient mountains*," says the shade, "have ere now produced muscicular abortions; and the auditor who compares incipient grandeur with filial vulgarity is reminded of the pious hawkers of Constantinople, who solemnly perambulate her streets exclaiming, "*In the name of the prophet—figs!*"

A series of extravagant compliments to "*sweet Lady Elizabeth Mugg*," bearing the name of "*The Beautiful Incendiary*," follows. It is said to be an excellent imitation of the Hon. William Spencer.

M. G., otherwise Monk Lewis, is next parodied in a piece called, "*Fire and Ale*," which, if compared with "*Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogine*," will be found to have greatly the advantage. In fact, it deserves a conspicuous place among the *Tales of Terror*. Lewis had estates in Jamaica, for which he drew up a code of laws, one of which was the following:—"If a slave commits murder, his head shall be shaved, and he shall be confined in a dark room for three days."

"*Playhouse Musings*" by S. T. Coleridge, is a very just copy of that author, omitting his flashes of genius. It commences in the following complimentary style—

My pensive public, wherefore look you sad ?  
 I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey  
 To carry to the mart her crockery ware,  
 And when that donkey look'd me in the face,  
 His face was sad ! and you are sad, my public !

The next, "A new Halfpenny Ballad by a Pic Nic poet," cannot be better described than in the words of the *Edinburgh Review*—"A good imitation of what was not worth imitating—that tremendous mixture of vulgarity, nonsense, impudence, and miserable puns, which, under the name of humorous songs, rouses our polite audiences to a far higher pitch of rapture, than Garrick or Siddons ever was able to inspire." Architectural Atoms, by Dr. Busby, is exceedingly good—is said indeed to far surpass that learned gentleman's original address.

The Editorship of the *Morning Post* must have changed hands, since words of the following astonishing length were to be found in its pages—"That deeply-to-be-abhorred and highly-to-be-blamed stratagem, the Gunpowder Plot." "Our never-sufficiently-enough-to-be-deeply-and-universally-to-be-venerated constitution." "The not-a-bit-the-less-on-that-account-to-be-universally-execrated-monster Bonaparte." This parody, if so it be, called the "Theatrical Alarm Bell," appears to be well-written.

"The Theatre" by the Rev. George Crabbe, is most admirable. It is preceded by a preface of apologies, very seriously accounting for some of the lines. We extract a few of the latter—

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,  
 But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk ;  
 Big worded bullies, who by quarrels live---  
 Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give ;  
 Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,  
 Hat for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary ;  
 And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,  
 Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait ;  
 Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse  
 With tipling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

We have now the story of *Macbeth*, and that of the *Stranger* and *George Barnwell*, very ludicrously told in three little pieces, all good in their way, but neither worth extracting. The volume concludes with a comic extravaganza, called "Punch's Apotheosis," and intended to parody *Theodore Hook*. In our opinion, the chief beauty of it is an admirable wood-cut by *Cruikshank*.

We must not omit to mention, that the authors in their preface, give a very satisfactory reason for excluding *Campbell* and *Rogers* from the

present collection. A contemporary assigns a different reason, upon political grounds, which we do not by any means admit.

We have thus gone through this entertaining little work. We have no doubt of its surviving many of the authors parodied in it; and if Messrs. Smith would turn their attention to more weighty matters, surely, they who can *parody* so well, could produce something *originally* excellent.

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*Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.*—No. XVII.

WELL, gentle reader, the new edition of the works of the "Wayward Childe" is well nigh come to a close, and you and I have taken it in, volume by volume, and read it, and what is more, *paid* for it, even until now, and we have looked at the delicate little plates in it, and have pronounced them to be truly plates of epicurean luxuries. And they were so, and we still find renewed delight in again examining them, and it was but yesterday that we took down from the shelf in our library nearest our right hand, all the volumes, dustless, for scarce a day has passed in which we have not used them, and we once more looked through them, and saw with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain, that they were almost falling to pieces, they were like ourselves, *well read*. And we said within ourselves, "these must be bound, ere we use them again," and our hand was on the bell, "the tintinabulant appendage" to our fireside, when we were prevented, as old Walton would say, for our door opened, and "enter the manservant." He speaks, "Mr. Tilt has sent you this parcel, Sir, with his compliments." He would retire. "Stay, John, we want you. Take these volumes"—meanwhile—but we open the parcel,—"Take these volumes"—Ha! what? Lord Byron, aye, what is this? The School of Homer—exquisite. Are we dreaming? No, but surely we are in the land of fairie; we never—no never saw anything so beautiful. Look at that peak to the right, and the mountain behind it. Where is the scene—we see, Scio. The school of Homer, a different school from that where we learned to admire the old man, aye, and a different Scio; from the "Scio," we used to exclaim in answer to the "*interrogatio ex curid.*" "*Scio lectionem tuam?*" But this is really superb. Let us proceed. *Rarior! splendidiorque!* The castellated Rhine. Turner and Finden, ye deserve canonization. What a magnificent scene. Is not this an "exquisite *morceau?*" Why, with steam boats and engravings we shall soon have all the world at our very doors. Turn again *Rarissimus!* Interlachen. Ah! this we

have seen, though it was in years long ago departed, we can bear witness to Mr. Page's fidelity. It comes upon us, like a dream of our boyhood, when—but hold, gentle reader, thou knowest our history, and wilt not thank us for the tale twice told. We will frame this engraving, and it shall be our first study in the morn, and our last at night, for

“ It minds us of departed joys.”

But we will yet go on. Aberdeen: sweetly executed, and a faithful delineation. Surely, a shower has fallen in the street and been instantly frozen, or how comes that mirrored resemblance to the chaise and pair. The Hague—the Pantheon, each beautiful in its way, though less interesting to us than the preceding plates. But surely there are no more, the work could never be got up for the money. Aye, but there is another, and a *chef d'œuvre* it is. The most splendid is reserved for the close: (we were going to say something about the dying swan). Grindenwald: see that stupendous mountain in the back ground, the fine level below, the rise again to the left. These are worthy of the poet whose name they bear, that terrific child of Nature. Yet why should we laud him? 'tis useless, 'tis adding perfume to the violet. It is the fashion to admire him; his profile is seen in every shop, his likeness on every fire-screen and work-box: his bust in every library. Young gentlemen learn him by heart; young ladies are in ecstasies at his name, and the corsairs (in their opinion synonymous). Middle aged men understand him best, yet how little is that. Old men and maidens hear him named, shake their heads, and gravely talk of talents misapplied, &c. yet we have found Don Juan even in their cabinet drawers; if it were not for this fashion, we doubt whether he would be so popular. He is too magnificent for common minds. They would not dare attempt him. But as it is, every one sets up for his admirer, every apprentice, romantic as his counter, sentimental as his paring-shovel, turns down his collar, throws back his hair, and thinks himself qualified for a very Manfred at least. Such is immortality: but a century or two hence, Byron will be better appreciated. The glare of his follies will then have gone off, and his splendour will appear the more refulgent for the purification. Till then — “ Did you please to want me this evening, Sir?” “ Oh! what, are you there, John? No, we intended you should have taken some books to the binder's, but we shall certainly not send them till we have procured the whole of Finden's Illustrations to be bound with them.”

Gentle reader, do thou likewise.

VALE.



## NEW ANNUAL.

UNDER the gracious patronage of her majesty, the Queen. Mr. Tur-rill, the publisher of that excellent periodical the *British Magazine*, is about to bring out early this month (October) a very splendid and perfectly unique coloured Annual. It is called *The Sacred Annual*, and (for 1834) will contain the *Fourth Edition* of Montgomery's fine Poem, *The Messiah*.

We have been favoured with a view of some of the original Designs; and also of specimens of the Copies for the Illustrations, which consist of highly finished, and beautifully coloured fac-similes, mounted on tinted drawing paper, of *twelve* original pictures of great excellence, painted expressly for the work, by several of our most distinguished and eminent living artists. It is an entirely novel undertaking, and we are glad in being able to say a very meritorious one. All the illustrations are good; but we have only room to mention those that struck us most. *The Sermon on the Mount* and *The Remorse of Judas*, both by MARTIN, are masterly productions, quite worthy of his great reputation. *The Patriarch*, by FRANKLIN, is a very light, graceful, and expressive design, coloured with all the warmth and gorgeousness of Asiatic scenery. *The Widow's Mite*, by M'CLISE, is an admirable composition, and, we are sure, will greatly add to the rapidly rising fame of this industrious and talented young artist. *Christ appearing to Mary at the Tomb*—is the master work of the set. It is by ETTY, R. A. The conception is most happy, and the flesh tints of the figure of *Christ* especially, and also of the figure of *Mary*, are really wonderful. One almost sees the pulse beat. The attitudes of the two *Angels* are graceful in the extreme, and the expression of their countenances truly heavenly. The *Soldier* lying on the ground is spiritedly drawn, and very richly painted. We have seen only the original sketch (in oils), which has received the enthusiastic commendations of several of the most celebrated members of the profession; but if the fac-similes are executed with even partial justice to its merits, this illustration alone, to the connoisseur and the man of taste, will be worth the price of the whole publication.

We ought to add that the work, bound in embossed violet-coloured velvet, with an antique Mosaic gold clasp, is only 25*s.*—barely more than 2*s.* for each (coloured) illustration, independent of the poem and the costly exterior we have just described. The illustrations, mounted on royal 4to. tinted drawing boards, surrounded by gold lines, with

appropriate extracts from the work, and adapted to illuminate the *New Testament, the Messiah, &c.* or to form a beautiful ornament to the private chapel or boudoir, will be published *alone*, at the same time and price, enveloped in an elegant and unique portfolio, the cover of which is embellished with an elaborate missal border. It gives us particular pleasure to see royalty coming forward in support of British art; and, at the same time that artists must feel flattered, honoured, and obliged, by her majesty having kindly permitted the book to be dedicated to her, the Queen herself must be happy in bestowing her protection and fostering influence in behalf of English works so fully deserving of her royal patronage as the poem and the paintings alluded to.

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#### NATIONAL GALLERY.

IN reviewing a very able pamphlet from the pen of Mr. Purser, which exposed in a masterly manner the proceedings of Mr. Wilkins on the erection of a NATIONAL GALLERY, we, in our last number, availed ourselves of the opportunity to express our own sentiments on that subject. We are happy to find that our own observations have accorded with those of many of our intelligent correspondents; and that the liberal and respectable portion of the press, with one acclaim, have continued to pronounce the proposition to be a mere job. Still happier should we have been had our remarks met the attention of the personages, whose duty it was *faithfully* to discharge their trust in disposing of the public money for the erection of this edifice: for we feel confident that every intelligent person in the United Kingdom, who would take the trouble fairly to examine the question, must have come to the conclusion—that *the Fine Arts and the Public had not been fairly dealt with.*

Far be it from our wish to be understood as imputing any *corrupt* motive to the government, or to Mr. Wilkins, in this affair. We entertain no personal prejudices about the matter; but our disgust arises from the utter disregard which has been manifested towards the opinion of the public, and that of the numerous and intellectual body of artists. There is an evident desire in certain quarters to persevere in blind opposition to taste, in upholding Mr. Wilkins:—to make an idol of an individual, —and to place the question between him and the public in the light of a mere *personal* affair. We respect only the justice and expediency of the measure, and disclaim all party considerations. We estimate the value of a National Gallery with a due regard to its utility, and

the convenience of its construction for rightful purposes, and to its manifestation of the taste of the age in which we live. Nations are regarded by posterity in proportion to the development of their attainments in literature, art, and science, and the cultivation of the moral and social virtues. The claims upon the present age are vast indeed; and it is remarkable that there is so little display of truly estimable qualities in modern times, when we consider the opportunities of a pure religion and improved political institutions. It must be admitted that public edifices demonstrate the genius of a civilized people. It is not merely by copying the architectural designs of the ancients, and straining our own views towards them which constitute a knowledge of the Fine Arts. We should understand the grounds and principles of the antique, and, after reflecting on their applicability, should adapt them to our own purposes only as occasion might require. In the language of Mr. Purser, "a national gallery, above all other structures, ought to be a monument of our national taste—simple, elegant, and characteristic;—its *style* ought to be founded on Grecian principles, not *copied* from Grecian 'example;' for, though the architecture of ancient Greece was undoubtedly the simplest and purest of all antiquity, and may be considered as perfect, so far as it went; yet in reference to its application to modern wants and circumstances, and the subsequent advances of science, it does not go far enough. Therefore, let not a blind devotion to Grecian practice restrict the fair exercise of genius in our national work; and, where we are justly entitled to expect originality and invention, let us not again be presented with a tame and puerile copy of an Athenian relic; for, such a practice is not in conformity with, but in opposition to, the example of the Greeks themselves. If we examine the history of the early architecture of the Greeks, with a view to discover and trace the causes by which it ultimately arrived at so high a degree of excellence, we shall find that they did not servilely copy the works of the Egyptians, *their* masters; or idly value themselves on the accuracy with which they created duplicates of their temples:—they studied them, it is true; but it was with a view to investigate the general principles on which the Egyptians wrought;—to translate, not to transcribe; to engraft so much of their master's art on the altered circumstances of their own, as their taste and judgment might dictate; and not to transplant from the banks of the Nile to the Ilyssus the gigantic works of their precursors; however magnificent the colossal growth which they had allowed in their native soil. If the discovery of this rich mine of Athenian art is to supersede all labour and cultivation in the field;—

if invention, the test of genius in every other art, is to be paralysed in this; whilst our modern architects swarm over the fair plains of Greece, measuring the ruins of its former greatness, which there so plentifully abound—but appreciating their beauties only by the plummet and by rule—filling their portfolios without storing their minds; it had been better for modern art that the withering hand of time had mouldered into dust the stately temples of antiquity; and had drawn his dark veil, indignant, over the solemn grandeur of the scene; melting its golden splendour into oblivion and night!”

Can any thing be more eloquent than the passage we have quoted? Does it not put the affair between Mr. Wilkins and the British public in a clear light? Can Mr. Wilkins, and those who have presumed to advocate his designs, presume to say that there are not many architects of the present day as well acquainted with the lore of antiquity as he is; and can any reasonable man arrive at any other conclusion than that the public has been grossly insulted by his presumption.

Since we had the honour of expressing our sentiments in the last number of our magazine, our feelings have been outraged by a reckless pertinacity on the part of those who advocate the cause of Mr. Wilkins. Those, whose duty it was to judge, have avowed themselves, by these measures, to be mere partizans. In sullen silence they have chosen to carry into effect his scheme, in defiance of honourable emulation. If this policy be permitted to continue, when will “*Britannia rival Greece?*” Well might the talented, accomplished, and manly Editor of the “*Literary Gazette*” express that he believed that the public in general, and the friends of the Fine Arts in particular, would be startled at the commencement of his remark on the subject of the National Gallery, by stating that, notwithstanding all that had been said and written, in Parliament and out of it, the Wilkins’ Greek-job on the site of the Mews, north side of Trafalgar-square, was **ACTUALLY IN PROGRESS**—the building laid out, and the materials for its construction contracted for, and preparing!!! *It really is “too bad.”*

We think that it was the duty of those who decided this question to have invited every architect in the united kingdom to a fair competition. We want a National Gallery: but the times required that there should be a correct taste elicited from native genius; and an honourable emulation excited in the breasts of artists. The system which has been pursued in this instance is a bad indication for the Arts, and we can only say that if the evils, which have hitherto been

permitted under the old establishment at Somerset House, are to be continued in the new edifice about to be erected opposite St. Martin's Church;—and if the national school for painting, denominated the Royal Academy, and the National Gallery conjoined, are to be conducted upon the same mean, contracted, and unjust principles, we would rather encourage private exertions and private exhibitions than such corporations.—

“ Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit.”

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*Illustrations to the Poetical Works of SIR WALTER SCOTT. Part I.*  
Tilt. London.

A GREAT genius has been likened, inelegantly perhaps, but certainly not unaptly, to a complicated and productive working machine, which, while it drives from the field of competition, numbers of rival “operatives,” amply atones for that apparent injury, by holding out emolument and encouragement to the varied and extensive branches of art which are called into display, by its gigantic powers. The truth of this comparison has probably never been more strikingly manifested, than in the case of the Northern Magician, whose works, prose as well as poetical, while they have expelled from the public eye an immense mass of vulgarity, indelicacy, and absurdity, have afforded to the votaries of the Fine Arts, more abundant occupation and enchanting variety, than those of any other British author,—Shakespeare, perhaps, only excepted. The series of illustrations to the works of Sir Walter Scott, which is now in course of publishing, is, as might have been expected, of a higher order than any of the preceding embellishments. Till lately these were confined to imaginary groups, (good or bad, according to the artist's taste,) from the historical and fictitious passages in the various tales, but a few of the more spirited publishers have taken up a different line of delineation, and we have now the actual scenery of these delightful fictions presented to our view :—

“ Scenes sung by him who sings no more,  
His lengthened bright career is o'er,  
And mute his tuneful strains.”

and we are enabled to fill up the grouping as we please. The publication before us is an extension of this plan, from the prose to the poetical productions of Scott; and, should the work be carried on as it has been begun, which there is no reason to doubt, these illustrations

must have the rapid sale they deserve. The numbers are to contain five plates, by the best artists; and the work is to be completed in twelve of these numbers, at half-a-crown each; their cheapness is truly astonishing. In fact, each plate is worth the sum asked for the five; and would be sold for that price, were it taken from the work, and offered as from an annual. The number before us begins with a view of Branksome Tower, the soft richness of which is very delightful. Every one must remember the lines from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"The sun had brighten'd Cheviot gray,  
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side,  
And soon beneath the rising day  
Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot's tide.  
The wild birds told their warbling tale,  
And waken'd every flower that blows;  
And peep'd forth the violet pale,  
And spread her breast the mountain rose:  
And lovelier than the rose so red,  
Yet paler than the violet pale,  
She early left her sleepless bed,  
The fairest maid of Teviotdale."

The next is "Huge Benvenue," its sides clothed with verdure, and the placid lake reposing at its foot,

—"gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnish'd sheet of living gold.  
With promontory, creek, and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light."

Jona follows, the ruins old and gray of the abode of many a sainted monk in days of old.

—"Jona's piles,  
Where rest from mortal coil the mighty of the Isles."

The engraving which follows is rather less to our taste than either of the others. It is the portrait of a certain damsel, yclept Metelill, whose life and adventures may be found in Harold the Dauntless. There is a great deal of sweetness about the expression of the face, and of beauty in the whole plate, but the lady is not the Metelill we had imagined. Still, she will please many, and deserves to do so. The remaining engraving is that of a large stained glass window, before which rest the arms of Marmion of Fontenaye, and upon whose fragile material is traced the heraldry of the combatants at Flodden; namely, of King James I., Lords Huntley, and Montrose, on the side of



Caledon, and of King Henry VIII (who by the way was *not* there), the Earl of Surrey, and Stanley (the leader of Cheshire and Lancashire); the English champions; all executed in a style which would have satisfied

"Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
Lord Lion, King at Arms."

We must not forget to mention, that Sir Walter Scott's own arms appear on the cover of the number, guarded by the celebrated Maida.

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A DICTIONARY OF THE ARCHITECTURE, AND ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE MIDDLE AGES, *including the Words used by the old and modern Authors in treating of Architectural and other Antiquities, with Etymology, Definition, Description, and historical Elucidation. Also Biographical Notices of ancient Architects. Illustrated by numerous Engravings, by J. LE KEUX, of all the Members and Varieties of Christian Architecture.* By JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A. &c.

EVERY lover of the arts must have regretted the delay which occurred in completing the above elaborate, and highly interesting, work. It is not merely the antiquary, who has been disappointed of a rich harvest of curious research, but the poet, the historian, the philosopher, and the man of classic taste, have also been deprived of materials calculated to exalt the imagination, and to improve the mind. Notwithstanding any changes which policy or innovation produce, we believe that there is no person possessed of susceptibility of thought, but entertains a veneration for the crumbling structures of our cathedral antiquities. The knowledge that all things are hourly tending to decay, induces us to feel a desire to perpetuate remembrance of them to posterity. We are apt to extend our thoughts upon such subjects, beyond the scale of mere practical utility, and to feel a moral sympathy between them, and the period of their construction. It is not that our affections are carried back to early times, but that there is a pleasure in contrasting the past with the present, and a degree of sober thought, and moral instruction imparted, by the comparison. We speak not to youth, who delight in the recollections of chivalry and romance, but to calm and contemplative minds, capable of estimating every species of knowledge, as illustrative of facts and opinions. Literature is embellished, and art is encouraged, by a reference to architec-

tural monuments; and in this point of view, "the dim religious light" of our cathedrals, must cast some useful reflections on the mind.

Mr. Britton has devoted a great portion of his valuable life, to the ecclesiastical establishments of our country. He has, with the ability and love of research which learning imparts, traced all the historical connexions of these grand national edifices. He has, long since, collected the materials for his work, two parts of which appeared in 1830 and 1831, and the delay, which has occurred in the completion of his arduous undertaking, has resulted from unavoidable circumstances, which will ultimately be explained.

We have seen his prospectus, in which Mr. Britton promises to complete the above valuable acquisition to every historical, professional, and comprehensive library, by Midsummer, in 1836. We quote his own words: "With *Worcester*, the author will have completed his historical and architectural elucidations of *fourteen* cathedrals; and the following seven, for some of which, he has collected drawings and materials, remain to make up the series, viz. Carlisle, Chester, Chichester, Durham, Ely, Lincoln, and Rochester. He appeals to his friends—to the patrons of such works—to the public—and more particularly, to the dignitaries and other officers of the cathedrals, to come forward, with a moderate subscription, to enable him to accomplish a complete and ample Historical Review of the English Cathedrals. He cannot ask for any thing like pledges or promises, on the part of the public, without a guarantee on his own: and, therefore, promises that the illustrations of the seven cathedrals above named, shall be completed in three years, from Midsummer (last)—be included in twelve numbers, at twelve shillings each, and embrace at least eighty engravings, with about thirty sheets of letter-press. On these terms, and with these views, the author solicits the names of ladies and gentlemen disposed to patronise the work; and, if there should be enough to secure him against loss, he will prosecute it with renewed zeal, and with every exertion to render it satisfactory to its best friends, and creditable to himself."\*

We earnestly hope, for the honour of the nobility, gentry, and patrons of the arts, that this appeal to their liberality, only requires to be made extensively known to be amply responded to; and we shall be happy to afford every information in our power on the subject, to any persons who will honour us with their communications, addressed to our office.

\* We understand that Mr. Britton seeks no profit from the work. His object in desiring subscriptions is only to protect himself from loss; and his motive is to gratify the taste of the public, and to sustain his present well-earned reputation for research. ED.

*Illustrations of Modern Sculpture.* No. III. Pelpe and Unwin;  
Charles Tilt; and Moon, Boys, and Graves. London.

WITH the present number of this splendid undertaking, the proprietors apologized for the delay which has taken place in its appearance, on the ground that they were anxious to do justice to the magnificent group of Michael and Satan, contained in it. We are quite sure, and our readers who have seen the engraving, (and let all who have not, do so forthwith) will fully coincide with us that that group in itself, is apology over-compensating for the delay in its issuing. Had we known, however, what was to come out, we are not sure that we should have waited so resignedly. The first in this number is an engraving from a composition by Carew, of the Nymph Arethusa, in the garb of a huntress, and attended by a noble hound. She is in the attitude of listening, probably to the rustling caused by some wild animal in its retreat through the wood. She is also restraining the dog, who is prepared to give chase the instant he is permitted. The lower limbs of this figure are objected to, as being too robust, which is explained by our being reminded, that strength, and not delicacy, is the attribute of a huntress. It is needless to say, that the execution is superb. The group before alluded to, of Michael and Satan, now comes. This is from the chisel of Flaxman, and the figure of the archangel, who is about to transfix his prostrate adversary, is magnificent in the extreme. The wreathed limbs of the fiend are also admirable. We venture to say, that we never saw a more splendid plate than the one before us. The contrast in the expression of the two immortals, the one sedate, nay, even sad, though triumphant, the other casting a concentrated glare of rage, pain, and malignity, from which we turn with pleasure to the third engraving, the Venus of Canova. The goddess has just issued from the bath, and startled by a distant sound, which she is endeavouring to catch, gathers round her as a drapery, the flowing material with which she is about to dry her limbs. The figure is very sweet; indeed, it completely realizes the conception we had formed of the "Queen of Kisses," as Madame Dacier styles Aphrodite. Some pretty lines accompany each of these engravings, and we have also a judicious description of, and critique upon, each. The work is surprisingly cheap, and should be in the hands of every reader of classic lore, modern, as well as ancient.

*Engravings from the Works of the late Henry Liverseege, by Cousins and others.* London: Moon, Boys, and Graves, 1833. Part II.

THE "Betrothed" is the first which is given in the sixth number of these engravings. We have a lady, in a huge antique chair, apparently considering (not the chair, but the aforesaid lady) some speech, highly interesting no doubt, which has been just made by a gallant cavalier with hawk on fist, and staff in hand, and decorated with sword, bugle horn, &c. There is much softness and beauty in the plate which is engraved by Giller. The next, however, is our favourite. That tun of man, and breaker of horses' backs, Sir John Falstaff, is seated in a chair with very considerably low legs, so framed, that in case the worthy knight should weigh down his seat to the ground, his fall may be a short one. A goblet in the right hand, and a jug on the table, clearly demonstrates Sir John's occupation. He is looking up with a most expressive smile, into the face of the "rascally Althea's dream," Bardolph, on whose rubicund nose he has just been cutting his jest about the saving in links it caused, and the expense in sack. Bardolph, though hardly knowing whether to laugh or be angry, is about to bring out the benevolent wish—

"S'death---I would my nose were in your belly.

Fal. O patience! then were I sure of the heart-burn."

The remaining engraving is of Othello and Desdemona: Iago behind is looking unutterable malice, and is well designed, but there is scarcely sufficient expression in the countenance of the "gentle lady married to the moor." Othello's white turban admirably sets off his dark visage, and upon the whole we like the plate much. We understand the work is in much request among the amateurs of the fine arts, which we think quite deserved.

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*A new Series of Original Illustrations by J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. to all editions of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.* Part I. London: Moon, Boys, and Graves, 1833.

WE have just received the first part of these beautiful illustrations. We have said so much, in another place, of the author whose works this series of engravings is intended to adorn, that we can do little more here than name the subjects of the various designs. The present part is meant to comprise the most striking scenery mentioned in the

minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, Sir Tristrem, and the Lay of the Last Minstrel. The name of Turner fully entitles us to expect something of great excellence: but we fairly own that we were very agreeably astonished at the beauty of these prints. The first is Carlisle, the town lying to the spectator's left, the castle boldly rising to the right, with fine woods extending along the front of the scene. Smailholme Tower is an exquisite piece. The effect of the moonlight is admirably shown. The magnificent Jedburgh Abbey succeeds, and the *blanchisseuses*, performing their duties in the stream at its foot, are better brought in than in many engravings of this nature, where every thing is made to serve rather as a foil than an ornament to the principal feature, which may be good policy, but which certainly was far from a pleasant effect. Armstrong's Tower is the fourth, which we think surpasses any of the preceding. Kelso follows; after which comes Lochmaben Castle, both beautifully executed. Caerlaverock Castle is a curious relic, especially when contrasted with that of the Hermitage, which follows it. This closes the minstrelsy of the Scottish border. Dryburgh Abbey, which is the next view, presents a most extraordinary scene. A large tract of land seems completely insulated by the stream. Bemer-side Tower follows. These two last engravings illustrate Sir Tristrem, which is the volume of the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's poetry, lately issued. Melrose, from the Lay of the Last Minstrel, is the next, and in our opinion the most beautiful print in the part before us. Newark, also very sweet, from the same poem, concludes the part. The whole do great credit to the respective engravers. The work will be exceedingly and deservedly popular.

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*The Pictures of the Late R. P. BONINGTON.*

WE attended a view of the pictures of this lamented artist, exhibited by his parents, at 67, Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury. The exhibition, though small in itself, affords sufficient delight to gratify the most varied mind. When we reflect on the extraordinary precocity displayed by this artist, and his continual improvement in art as he advanced in years and experience, we cannot do justice to his industry and talents. Even at two years old he displayed a taste for drawing, and some of his juvenile sketches display a correctness of feeling

unattainable by artists of more established fame in other respects. From the richness and versatility of his genius he seems to have been equally happy in every style, although it was, perhaps, a pity that he did not concentrate his powers. His premature death was a great loss to art, and is much to be deplored.

Many of the pictures describe French scenery, and for that reason may not be so interesting to some people. For our own part, however, we cannot help thinking that that circumstance gives additional interest to his performances, when it is considered that he was highly appreciated in France, at a time when the greatest national prejudices prevailed against this country.

Of the pictures in this exhibition, the Rialto, at Venice, and the Eccentric Henry the Third of France, surrounded by his pets, are the most striking; but there are a great number of little pieces which display the most exquisite beauty. His landscapes are soft and beautifully tinted, his architectural objects present all the crumbling realities of decay, and his coast scenes display the artist's powers over light and shadow to admirable advantage. The artist had a fine idea of perspective. Some of his sketches are as expressive as many finished pictures which we have seen in the exhibitions of our Royal Academy.

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*A Series of Heads after the Antique, illustrative of the ideal beauty of the Greeks, and designed as a Drawing-Book for advanced Pupils (accompanied by descriptive letter-press), drawn and executed on stone, by BENJAMIN RICHARD GREEN. No. II. London: Rowney and Co.*

WE have in a previous number of our periodical spoken in high terms of the first series of heads by the above able artist. The present number contains Minerva, Mercury, Venus, and Cupid. The style of these prints is very superior, and reflects the greatest credit on this young artist, whose talents deserve the fullest encouragement. These heads, from their boldness and variety of character, are admirably adapted for the purpose for which they are intended; they cannot fail to facilitate the studies of youth, and to impress their minds with an opinion of the ideal beauty of the ancients.



*Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture.*  
London, 1833.

OF this work some slight mention has already been made by us, while it was in course of publication; and now that it is completed, it would require an exceedingly long and elaborate paper, or rather a series of them, to notice its exceedingly multifarious contents, and to discuss the numerous points of criticism it either touches upon, or suggests; for nothing at all appertaining to country buildings of whatever description, seems to have escaped Mr. Loudon's attention. Not only buildings, too, from the labourer's cottage to the substantial farm house, from the latter to the extensive mansion or elegant villa, are amply treated of, together with all their various appurtenances from the stable to the kitchen, from the piggery to the conservatory, the drawing room and the boudoir; but we meet with a prodigious mass of minor details, as may be imagined, when we state that the book contains upwards of 1100 very closely printed pages, and that it is illustrated with upwards of 200 wood engravings, besides several plates. So truly encyclopædia is Mr. Loudon, that he has devoted a considerable, and certainly not the least interesting, portion of his work to the subject of furniture; in treating of which, he certainly cannot be accused of having overlooked the *utile* in search after the elegant. Mr. Hope would doubtless have been startled at the idea of any one's giving designs for kitchen and nursery furniture, and we ourselves cannot but smile when we behold rollers for towels, children's washing stands, besides certain other articles more indispensable than comely, here 'figured to the life.' Nevertheless, there is a great deal of useful matter relative to the homelier departments of economy to be gathered from most parts of the book. Neither can it be that Mr. Loudon has been at all sparing in regard to specimens of more ornamental furniture, in a variety of styles. Many of these designs recommend themselves by economy and convenience, as well as elegance; others again there are which to us appear to possess neither convenience nor taste;—for instance, the detestable, ugly, and awkward high-backed Elizabeth chairs, which, were they even beautiful in themselves, would be fit only to *look at*, and which are not a little expensive withal, owing to the number of 'crankums' and queer carved work necessary to render them even tolerable objects. Besides a vast number of designs for furniture, there are a few interiors of apartments fitted up, and fur-

nished in different styles. These are drawn in a very pleasing and spirited manner by a young artist of the name of Lamb. As sketches they are exceedingly clever and catching, but we cannot commend them in such high terms as some others have done, because they, upon examination, prove to be very deficient in study, whether as regards detail or composition. There is an idea, however, in one of them, which strikes us as being as original as it is beautiful,—namely, suspending chandelier-formed glass vases, filled with flowers, from the ceiling of a drawing-room.

Among a huge mass of other information, either collected from actual inquiry or observation, or communicated by correspondents, that which relates to the fitting up of kitchens, and to improved culinary apparatus, is exceedingly valuable,—the more so, as it is not easy to meet with any thing of the kind elsewhere. The same remark applies to a variety of other improvements in domestic architecture, and matters of domestic economy.

We cannot, however, afford room to give even a condensed outline of the contents of this elaborate and comprehensive work, and shall therefore pass over all other matters, and confine ourselves to the designs for villas, &c. which have been furnished by different individuals. Hence there is great inequality of merit, and some of them, as Mr. Loudon himself admits, are rather useful in showing what ought to be guarded against, than what ought to be adopted. Among this class are one or two, which, to say nothing of the taste they exhibit, strike us as being as little recommended by convenience as by economy. Some of these plans are very straggling, so that in an apparently extensive residence, there would not be above two or three sitting rooms, or apartments for company, and those at such a distance from the servants' hall, that some interval must elapse before a servant could attend when rung for. One of the most remarkable contributions of the kind is that by a writer under the signature of Selim, who, in what he terms 'The Beau Ideal of an English villa,' has given a most minute description of every part of the interior and its furniture, not omitting even the fittings up of the offices. For the zealous and con amore tone in which it is written we admire much, nor do we quarrel with Selim because he gives the preference to the Elizabethan style—or that of James I., infinitely inferior in taste and less generally applicable, as we consider it, compared with the earlier and pure Tudor; but we decidedly object to what seems, as the title would imply, a certain kind of dictation, setting up as a fixed standard not only a particular style, but it should seem also one spe-

cific arrangement, as if in order to obtain a complete residence, this particular plan ought to be followed. Even as a plan, leaving all other matters out of consideration, it is by no means such as we ourselves should approve of. Still we wish Selim may find imitators of his pen, if not of his pencil. Mr. Trotman's design is very far more to our taste; and although he has not entered into any description of it, he has nevertheless proved himself an exceedingly judicious and original writer withal, in an admirable little treatise upon pointed architecture, which he has subjoined to it, and which is so instructive and so excellent, that it is to be hoped he will, at some time or other, enlarge it, and publish it in a superior form. One of the most striking and picturesque designs in the work, which has also the advantage of being by far the best engraved, is that at page 944, by Mr. Lamb. The plan too is both pleasing and convenient, and well calculated for considerable interval effect, independently of decoration. Mr. Mallett's Italian villa is a stately and sumptuous pile enough, by far too much so to be quite in its place in a work of this nature, even were it less objectionable as a residence; but had its author even studied inconvenience, he could hardly have displayed that quality more ingeniously. Unless they make a thoroughfare of the dining room, and the drawing room, the servants could not gain access to any of the apartments without passing through an open colonnade, and thence through the portico into the grand vestibule! nor is this the only or the least objection that could be pointed out.

We have reserved, as the last design, we shall speak of,—that by the author of 'A Visit to Monplaisir,' with which most of our readers are probably acquainted, as it was printed in the first series of the Library of the Fine Arts. Those who were pleased with that production—and it was mentioned in terms of high commendation by some of the newspapers at the time, as well for the novelty of the idea, as for the interesting manner in which it was executed—will, we think, be hardly less pleased with this second specimen of a somewhat similar subject from the same pen. We find also, from what he has here said, that Mr. Leeds wrote the greatest—literally, too, the best, portion of the account of Sir John Soane's House, published by Mr. Britton, under the title of the 'Union of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture.'

Although, as appears from a note subjoined by the editor, the description of Mr. L.'s design has been abridged in some places, it extends to such a length that we must content ourselves with quoting what he has said relative to the drawing-rooms.

The vestibule, staircase, and dining-room exhibit several strictly architectural features, keeping up the character of the exterior of the house; but there is no reason for being particularly strict as to this, in these apartments, which would possess sufficient *agrémens* of a different description: and where an air of cheerfulness, and the lighter elegancies which modern refinement has introduced, ought at least to be as much considered, as a rigid adherence to certain prescribed forms. Although, however, peculiarity of style would be here less defined than in the preceding instances, it would not be entirely laid aside, but merely lowered in its tone; it being still so far retained as to preserve a due degree of consistency throughout. The design of the windows, which are both transomed and mullioned, and have their compartments arched, requires such a degree of consistency; and these, with corresponding paneling in the window-shutters and doors, with hollowed corbel cornices, decorated at intervals by delicately carved blocks, and with ribs on the ceilings dividing them into compartments, would almost suffice to produce architectural expression enough. The pattern of the carpet, too, might contribute to the same purpose, as would in some degree the general style of the furniture; yet an attempt to Gothicismise the latter, even did every thing else seem to require it, must be strenuously deprecated. Backs of chairs exhibiting copies of church windows, and other things of that sort, are not only complete caricature, but downright vulgarities, hardly one remove from those Gothic patterns for paper-hangings, which no person of the least taste can look at with satisfaction. Both rooms would be furnished *en suite*, as they communicate by wide folding doors, so as to form one spacious apartment, larger than would, perhaps, otherwise be consistent in a house of this size. The doors themselves should be square-headed; but they might appear to be carried up higher than the real opening, forming a low arch, with tracery in the arched part of the doors. The doors themselves would be oak, with panels (as would be the case with those of the other doors) of choicer specimens of the same wood. Over each chimney-piece should be a lofty mirror, which might terminate above in an arch, with foils and cusps (small arches meeting in points, which are often used as an enrichment in tracery); and on each side might be a narrower compartment in the frame, divided by rich transoms, and each division filled with silk in flutes, and of the same colour as the window curtains. A framing of this description, which, as it would probably be wider than the mantel-piece, ought to seem to rise up on each side of it, and include that as a lower division of itself, would give the mirror more importance than, independently of such additions, its actual dimensions could do. The walls would be hung with either silk, or very rich paper of elegant designs, in which brown, fawn, grey, and ash tints, with a slight intermixture of positive red, should be so combined as to produce an effect rich and warm, yet sober and delicate. The hollow part of the cornice, and the sculptured blocks, might be picked out with deep red or scarlet, in which case the lower edge of the wall might have a border of the same colour. The general pattern of the carpet should present a combination of somewhat similar hues to the walls; but the border, which should be sufficiently wide to extend a little beyond the furniture, should be mostly of scarlet, and some other shades of red, to balance that colour in the cornice and window-curtains. These latter, which, like those in all the other rooms, would be without cornices or hanging draperies, and merely draw upon an ornamental rod, immediately below the cornice of the ceiling, would be of scarlet silk, lined with pearl-colour. There might be muslin curtains or not, in addition to these; but, in order the better to exclude the sun, to which, from their aspect, these rooms would be much exposed, there ought also to be spring blinds, made so as to be tightly fastened below at each angle. These might be made to contribute very materially to the general elegance of the rooms, by being painted so as to represent the windows themselves, with their mullions and transoms, but entirely filled with stained glass of a diaper pattern; or, this might be confined to the upper compartments, the

lower ones appearing to be open, so as to show a continuous view through them, adapted to the natural horizon. Unless, however, this were done in a very superior style, and with perfect taste, it would be far more advisable not to attempt any thing of the kind; as, so far from being ornamental, it would be the very reverse. The mouldings of the ceilings, and the ornamental interseptions, ought to be gilt; but merely partially, so as to exhibit rather sparkling streaks of gilding than entire surfaces of it; and the blocks in the cornice ought to receive the same embellishment, the edges of their foliage being just tipped with metallic lustre. Instead of a bright white hue, the ceiling and cornices should be of a cream or ivory tint, and perhaps varnished, so as to give it something of the character of the last-mentioned substance. On the sides opposite the windows there would in both rooms be space for sofas, besides other furniture; and against the window piers might be low cabinets, book-stands, or other articles of that description, with a few pieces of ornamental porcelain and *bijouterie* placed upon them. A few ornaments, tastefully disposed on the walls, would nearly complete the embellishments. In respect to pictures, there is one thing to be considered, namely, their size; for, however valuable they may be in themselves, small cabinet pieces or drawings can seldom be so arranged as to be placed in good situations for viewing them, and yet not interfere with the general effect of the room, supposing it to possess any ornamental character in itself. Should there be many of them, they must either form nearly a continued line, with a plain space above them; or many of them must be placed considerably higher than they ought to be, to be properly seen. If, on the contrary, there are only a few, comparatively with the size of the room, distribute them as we will, they will be apt to form spots upon the walls, and to look rather insignificant; in this case, too, their situations must be determined by the proper height for viewing them, and not by the actual height of the room. Even where there are many large and small pictures together, they can hardly ever be so well arranged as a regard to general effect requires; because, instead of the larger ones being so hung that each of them shall form the central point, as it were, around which smaller frames should be symmetrically disposed; the former must inevitably be placed above the latter, and thereby create a certain disproportion and irregularity, by no means very pleasing in itself. These inconveniences might generally be obviated by placing pictures of small dimensions, whether there be any others in the apartment or not, in a pinacotheca.

As this piece of furniture is quite a novel contrivance, never before described, some explanation of it may not be unwelcome. It is a small upright cabinet, enclosed in front with a door of plate glass, to secure the paintings and their frames also from dust, and to prevent their being touched or accidentally rubbed against. Its depth need be little more than that of the frames of the pictures which are arranged in it one above another (not more than three or four), in such a manner as that the uppermost shall be exactly on the right level for properly viewing it. When a person wants to examine any of the lower paintings, he is able by a simple piece of mechanism to shift its place, and elevate it for that purpose; and, as the pinacotheca would stand upon castors, and be a light piece of furniture, it might easily be turned so as to catch the most favourable light. Besides being thus of express utility, pinacothecas might be rendered exceedingly ornamental pieces of furniture, both by their materials and their embellishments. We will decide, then, on having two in the larger drawing-room, either against the window piers, or one on each side of the folding doors at the end. Two rosewood cabinets of this description, lined within with crimson velvet, puckered, and surmounted by busts, with a rich socket for a wax taper on each side of them, springing up from the carved work at the angles, would form, independently of what they might contain, rather tasteful accessories to the rest of the furniture.

Verbal descriptions, giving a full idea of every part of the interior of a building, as has been done by Mr. L. and by Selim, would not only greatly enhance the value of books of architectural designs, but would tend to diffuse a taste for the study. And the same may be said of Mr. Loudon's Encyclopædia generally; for although we dissent from many opinions we have met with in it, it possesses, among other merits, that of dispelling much of the strange mystery and mystification which has too long been kept up in regard to architecture; and of showing that, so far from being an abstruse, or dull, or mechanical pursuit, it is one which cannot fail of opening to those who cultivate it, a varied fund of enjoyment, and affords us subjects of criticism and examination in almost every building that meets our eyes.

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*Selections from Fenelon.* London: Mardon.

THE elegant little volume bearing the above title is replete with moral instruction; and there is no book which could be put into the hands of youth with more propriety. The eloquent opinions of the able and pious Archbishop of Canterbury will ever be popular. His life gave the sanction to his doctrines, and example, in him, accompanied precept. His *Telemachus* will ever occupy a distinguished place in literature, and his sermons and moral discourses will continue to be admired for their eloquence and truth. The present little volume is a compendium of moral philosophy, and contains selections judiciously made. That part of it which refers to the education of girls, is worthy of the consideration of parents.

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THE DRAMA.

As it is our intention to devote a strict attention to the drama during the approaching winter season, we shall be punctual in our attendance at the Theatres to watch their progress. A desire to encourage this most rational of all species of amusement will superinduce a vigilant observation on our part of the introduction of every new piece and every new performer. The long absence of any great developement of genius in the histrionic art presents a noble field for emulative genius,



and we earnestly hope that the public will support the efforts of the new Lessee of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, in any endeavour to restore a relish for pure dramatic performances. We understand that Drury Lane Theatre will be opened on Saturday, the 5th instant, with the *Tempest*, and Covent Garden on the Monday following, with *Pizarro*, though some doubt has been entertained that the decorations will not be completed by that time. It must be admitted that there has been of late a great apathy on the part of the public to promote a genuine taste in the higher walks of the drama; and though some of our correspondents have attributed the fault to the conductors of our theatres, we must say that the public cannot be altogether excused from blame. If theatres were supported during the laudable attempts of managers to reintroduce the national drama, it is not reasonable to suppose that the exhibition of wild beasts, or the pomp of melodrama or offensive farce would be put forward to disgust the better portion of the public. A man of respectability might then take his wife and daughters to a theatre without offending their modesty, and he might pass away a few hours there himself, without offence to his own taste, or a derogation from his character as an intellectual being in the opinion of others. We should then see emulative writers—of which we believe that there are many in the present day whose genius cannot be held cheap—we should see these sons of genius putting forth all their power to produce a wholesome accession to the stock of dramatic literature. We hope that the conductors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres will use their utmost efforts to purge the stage of every anomaly to taste, and that they will afford all the encouragement in their power to dramatic writers, according to the merits of their productions: in which case they shall have our cordial support.

We are happy to find that our friends at the Victoria Theatre continue to meet with the encouragement which they deserve. *Richard the Third* has been performed there during the last week with considerable effect. The character of the Duke of Gloucester was admirably sustained by Warde, and Richard was played with great spirit by Abbott. We are informed that Mr. Sheridan Knowles will afford his countenance to this theatre on his return from his provincial engagement, and that he, together with Miss Tree, and Mr. C. Kean, will appear in the highly popular play of *The Wife*, on the same evening as that on which Drury Lane Theatre opens. Under such auspices this theatre cannot fail to advance in popular favour.

The Olympic is again to be opened under the management of that female veteran of the stage, *Madame Vestris*. We hope that she will not be offended with *our* epithet, as we are not insensible to her never fading charms; and we use the term veteran, more in relation to her experience than her years. We most heartily wish her every support which her enterprising conduct as a manager deserves.

The Haymarket Theatre has been conducted with spirit during the summer season, and we sincerely hope that the improved health of the proprietor will enable him to conduct it to its close with undiminished attraction and support.

The Adelphi Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Mathews and Yates, commences on Monday, the 30th September. The cast of performers is very powerful, containing the names of Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Waylett, Mr. John Reeve, Mrs. Honey, Mr. O. Smith, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, &c. That charming actress, Mrs. Yates, and the ludicrous qualities of Mr. John Reeve, are in themselves sufficient to secure good audiences.

We understand that the Strand Theatre is to be opened under the management of Mr. Wrench and Mr. James Russell.

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#### NEW MUSIC.

*The King's Fool; or, The Old Man's Curse.* London: George and Manby.

No. 1.—Drink, and a Fig for Sorrow.

No. 2.—A pretty Bird was moping in its golden Cage.

No. 3.—The Spur of the Soldier is Beauty.

No. 1.—This is a fine, bold, spirited song, with a very charming and effective accompaniment—and ought to be found upon every singer's music-desk, from Henry Phillips' down to Charles Purday's. We admire the change of time and key, at the close of the song, exceedingly.

No. 2.—A very clever and pleasing little song—more remarkable for its chaste and elegant simplicity, than for any particularly striking

effect. The few concluding bars are a very happy thought, and are treated in a very masterly style.

No. 3.—This is one of the composer's **decidedly** successful flights, and by far the prettiest of the three; there is just sufficient of the "martiale" in the air, to give due effect to the words, without eternally reminding us of the *bigarum*, and the concomitant monotony of a march—the sudden transition into A—flat, at the end of the first verse, and before resuming the subject, has a startling effect, and gives an interesting expression to the poetry; the modulation by which the subject is again introduced, and the ear carried back to the original key, is good and striking, though simple, and shows the classical musician. If there were more such songs as these, music, in England, would bear a far different character, and the tantalizing taunts of our more southern neighbours, of "not a musical nation," would fall harmless to the ground. This song ought to be popular.

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#### PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

LIVERPOOL.—Which had, at one time, so strenuously exerted herself in the cause of art, has, we are concerned to hear, at length shewn symptoms of lassitude, if not of actual fainting. Her exhibition of modern works, which had been annual, has not, this year, opened with its accustomed regularity, and it is rumoured, though we are unwilling, late as it is in the season, to give credence to the statement, that there will be none. In a town so celebrated for its wealth and commercial enterprize, we should attach very serious importance to such an omen, had we not reason to suspect something faulty in the management, particularly as so many individuals of first-rate consequence and respectability had come forward and enrolled themselves in its list of patrons. The practice of offering a premium for the best contribution, we have always deprecated, and our objections to it has been principally this;—that it is in the nature of modest merit to shrink from public competition, and to leave the course to be walked over by mediocrity and pretension. Again, taste in art, always various, is often false, and it is utterly impossible for any tribunal, however impartial, to satisfy an unsuccessful candidate that his claims, in a contest of this description, have been properly appreciated, much less a tribunal of self-elected non-professional arbiters; for the uninitiated in art, would, in nine cases out of ten, declare for the second-rate performance rather than the first; a principle which, as regards pictorial excellence, may be depended on, as fixed and indisputable. But, setting aside the necessity that exists for a competent, as well as a conscientious vote, and presuming it always to be so, we think we understand enough of human frailty to warrant us in saying, that the veriest dauber in Lancashire would be disposed to question the purity of the court pronouncing it against him. As Bathyllus carried off the honours due to Maro, so would the tyro declare some

equally impertinent coxcomb to have acted by him; and he would for the future, take especial care to exhibit elsewhere in consequence; a result which is worthy of consideration. The adoption of this prize system has undoubtedly been a most short-sighted one, inasmuch as it has had the effect, among other evils, of excluding men of established fame altogether from the gallery, for an artist of any rank would be singularly rash to think of trying his reputation by such a test. Its operation must therefore, we should conceive, have proved the very reverse of what its projectors had anticipated. The gentlemen of Liverpool have seldom, of late, distinguished themselves by the excess of their patronage. Even the recipients have not, in any instance, we believe, had to congratulate themselves upon the sale of the work, entitling them to the prizes, a circumstance that argues the success of the small fry to have been negative indeed. It has been said that the committee of management have attached more importance to the receipts at the door, than to the sale of the pictures, and the event seems rather to favour this idea, for since the artist who may have been induced to contribute, cannot be made sensible of its benefits, his efforts in support of the exhibition necessarily cease. We are further of opinion, that the provincial press is less alive to the interests and importance of art than it ought to be. The getting up of a gallery in the country is attended with very great expense, and is surely as much entitled to the good word of the local journalist as a gooseberry-show or a prize-fight. However, the inhabitants generally of Liverpool would consider the absolute discontinuance of their exhibition, now that it has been all these years in existence, so positive an imputation on the credit of the corporation, that we are satisfied they will at length unite in their efforts to save it. Zeal and good wishes alone will not be sufficient for the purpose: money is wanting also, and we tell them candidly, that, without it, the case is perfectly hopeless. What will brother Jonathan say to all this? Jonathan, who, to his honour be it spoken, has an instinctive affection for the Fine Arts, comes much to Liverpool, and if he finds himself deprived, at this season of the year, of his favourite lounge at the picture gallery, he will have a tarnation pretty tale to tell, we guess, when he gets back to the other side of the Atlantic.

**NORWICH.**—The charge we have just preferred against the provincial journalists, is but too generally applicable; we ought, however, to have made an exception in favour of our contemporaries of Norwich, who have advocated the cause of the Fine Arts with a degree of energy and good feeling that does them the highest credit; and we cannot, we conceive, do ourselves and them a greater justice, or our readers a greater pleasure, than in transcribing the fair and straightforward account they give of their twenty seventh exhibition in Exchange Street, whose opening we briefly announced in the last number of our magazine. We copy from the columns of *The Mercury*, and trust that the aid so liberally proffered by the principal citizens towards the future support of their local school, will be felt, and seconded by all who take an interest in its welfare.

**THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.** The room was opened to the Mayor, Corporation, and some amateurs on Monday, (Aug. 5.) when we understand the gentlemen present expressed their high satisfaction, and it being intimated that the exhibition was likely to cease for want of a suitable room, the mayor and his brethren evinced the most earnest anxiety for the continuance of the Society, and gave the Artists reason to hope that, were application made for a site, the city authorities would do their utmost to provide one, and at the same time several of the members of the corporation declared their readiness to subscribe, either generally, or as share-holders, to the erection of an appropriate and spacious building for the purpose. In truth there is quite enough in this year's exhibition to convince the most sceptical that the Fine Arts may flourish here; for we have not only abundant proofs of native talent, but we have also, in the many pictures sent by some of the finest artists in the country, practical demonstrations of

their friendship for our own professors, and of their respect for the taste of the inhabitants. There are 230 numbers in the catalogue, contributed by 80 artists and amateurs. The list commences with a singular subject, by Mr. LOVE, and it is not the least praiseworthy of the works he exhibits; but his portraits are his staple. They are in a free style, and generally excellent likenesses. Nos. 2 and 3, are among the best. Mr. M. E. COTMAN's drawings are first-rate, whether we regard the quiet colouring and accurate delineation of his architectural subjects, or the high finish of his water pieces. The scene on the Thames and the hospital ships are exquisite. No. 18. *Pencil Drawing*, by MRS. ARTHUR DALRYMPLE, very speakingly declares what perfection may be attained by earnest ability. GOODALL's *Boy and Monkey*—a good idea, skilfully treated, and indicative of much talent. Mr. J. J. COTMAN's *Whithingham* is very affective. Mr. D. ROBERTS's No. 22, and 66, are most beautifully drawn and coloured, combining delicacy and force in a degree rarely seen. *Abbeville* is, in our poor judgment, amongst the finest things in the room. MR. CATTERRMOLLE's *Sketch of Don Quixote* is of the highest merit both in point of imagination and execution. "The German, and wild, and mystic pencil" of this artist, for these are the terms in which his style has been lately characterised in a masterly survey of the art, here displays itself with a mixture of humour of a light kind. All the explanatory parts of the picture are poetically fancied and displayed. The whole subject is richly worked up. The mind shines out. His *Erpingham Gate* is in a sweet quiet style. Mr. COTMAN contributes eleven pictures, remarkable for their power, not less than for the singular excellence with which his genius invests the very peculiar and different subjects he has chosen. Amplitude of space, the most forcible expression of his ideas, massive concentrations, and highly poetical illustration of character, give an effect which his curious notions of colouring would contravene in less gifted artists. We remember some years ago to have seen some drawings by a French artist, of the name, we think, of Pielman, who adopted the same deep blue tint that pervades many of Mr. Cotman's drawings before us. It appeared to us then, as now, out of nature, and rather fanciful than effective—but it belongs to the character of genius to "extravagate," and Mr. C. is unquestionably a man of genius. We are happy to understand that the metropolitan amateurs give due honour to our fellow citizen, and that his drawings find purchasers with the utmost readiness. It is not many weeks since we inspected a large number, which were all sold in London this spring. Mr. D. COX's *Fort Rouge* and *Lane Scene*, and Mr. PATIENCE, Jun.'s *Rheims Cathedral*, deserve honourable mention. The latter is very elaborately drawn. MR. LOUNDS' four views are highly creditable. The *Pencil Drawing*, by a LADY, after Carlo Maratti, cannot be exceeded for accuracy and finish. It has all, and more than all, the effect of the best line engraving, with infinitely more softness. No. 76, by MR. WRIGHT, is amongst the best things here. It is a noble drawing, pure in taste and admirable in composition, and shews the pitch to which water colours can be carried. MR. FENN's *Terrier's Head* is at once forcible and natural. MR. D. HODGSON's local delineations will preserve some curious specimens of ancient buildings with truth and precision. He claims favourable notice both for his water-coloured drawings and his oil paintings. His *Mendicant* is a very pleasing picture. MR. HAYTER's portraits of *Pasta*, as *Medea*, and his *Sketch of Malibran*, are the very persons. The latter conveys the peculiar archness of expression, which distinguishes the playful original. His likenesses of the natives of the Sandwich Islands are easy and agreeable. MR. INSKIP's *Fugitive* possesses great power, simplicity, and sweetness; and his *Minstrel* is not less forcible than singular. Its effect when taken at a right distance, is extraordinarily great, and though from the hot colouring of some of its parts, and the pervading eccentricity of the whole, it must be estimated purely as a work of fancy; we have heard good judges give it place above all the other pictures in the room.

Parts of Mr. J. B. LADBROOKE'S *Storm Retiring*, are well painted, and the composition displays talent and improvement. Miss CROME'S *Pheasants and Mackerel* are executed with laborious fidelity, and shows how rapidly this young lady is advancing. Mr. WOOD (of London) has three pictures, brilliant in colouring, chaste and intellectual in design. They are so equal and so high in merit, that we know not which to commend the most. The *Portrait of the Lord Lieutenant*, by Mrs. PHILLIPS, is a decided failure. It represents neither the character nor the person, though there is a feature likeness. There are few gentlemen of a more open, yet lofty countenance, than the Honourable Colonel Wodehouse. He is also above the ordinary stature. This is the portrait of a man of middling size, and with a physiognomy of singular anxiety. The colouring, however chaste, is very cold. "The light, grace, and romantic fancy of PARRIS," has been recorded in the work we have already quoted, and these, his pictures, confirm the testimony. We must object, however, that his figures are, to our apprehension, theatrical rather than dramatic. As in the attitudes of opera-dancers, the art is not covered by the grace. Mr. HOWARD'S *Antwerp Girl* is one of Nature's most beautiful creatures, not less beautifully imitated by art. The severe and classical purity of the taste of the secretary of the Royal Academy shines throughout. Mr. CROME has proved his skill and his industry by some able pictures. No. 106, which first challenges our observation, has more colour than we remember to have seen given to moonlight, yet more truth. His large picture (128) embraces vast space, and an almost infinite diversity of objects, all of which are felicitously disposed. There is much sober, sound, and solid excellence also in his *Landscape and Cattle*. Mr. W. H. CROME has been fettered by local delineations, though the place be of great scenic beauty. The representations are faithful, and the picture well painted. But we cannot forget how highly Mr. W. C. delighted us last year by his beautifully imagined and beautifully handled landscape—the brilliant foreground and the mellow distance: and though it is highly gratifying to see the patrons of merit appreciating and encouraging such talent, we must regret the want of leisure which we doubt not is the cause why the present exhibition lacks such picturesque illustrations of landscape from his easel, as were so much admired last year. His landscape, *Morning*, is his most finished picture. Mr. COLKETT deserves much praise for his landscape, 118, which is very much in the style of his master, Mr. Stark. Mr. CLINT justifies, by his *Happy Family* and the *Drunkard*, the judgment that has been pronounced upon his scenic representations; namely, that "he is dramatic, not theatrical," and which sentence we have ventured to reverse in our verdict concerning the fancy scenes of Mr. Parris. The *Drunkard* is as forcible a moral appeal as can be made. Its truth is frightful, and we wish every working man addicted to this brutalizing vice could be made to stand before it for an hour. It ought, for its moral tendency, to be engraved. The best portrait in the exhibition also belongs to Mr. Clint—that of *Miss Beswick*. The head is charmingly painted, the whole simple and natural, yet, set off by the ornamental graces of the art both in the figure and its adjuncts. Mr. Clint may we think dispute the rank of the first painter of females with any artist in the country. Our near connexion with Mr. BARWELL, the secretary to the society, forbids our saying more than that he has contributed four pictures [we are enabled, by an opinion expressed elsewhere of the productions of this gentleman, to do them that honour, which they doubtless deserve. It is stated that he has three portraits and one historic piece, all of them meritorious, and showing with what fair promise of repute and advantage he might have taken up painting as a profession, had it been as expedient for him to do so, as it is recreative to him thus to pursue it *en amateur*]. MR. ETTY'S two *Studies* are bold and masterly; the painting particularly deserves these epithets. Mr. VON HOLST'S *Pleasure*, whether the idea, the drawing, or the general execution



be considered, is exceedingly curious. It combines the mysticism of Germany with the mannerism of Fuseli, but there is a redundancy (*semper vellem quod amputem*), which promises a rich maturity. *Weybourne*, by Mr. H. LADBROOKE, is in our estimation one of the best landscapes in the exhibition—sober and harmonious in its colouring, comprehending great extension without the least confusion, and truth to nature. We greatly admire it, whether we regard it as a whole or in parts. *The Careless Servant*, by Mr. BUSS, is well told and well painted. Mr. MORGAN is an aspiring artist, and demonstrates that he is labouring assiduously, both after classical models and from his own talent. To such a one it is only necessary to say, “persevere.” No. 164, by Mr. CRUISE, is full of light, breadth, and effect. Miss SILLETT’s *Sketches* are natural and good. Mr. ROTHWELL’s *unfinished portrait* supports the claim which fashion has awarded him, to succeed Sir Thomas Lawrence. This is, in every sense, a *fine sketch*, both as respects intellect and execution. It is, we believe, a portrait of the artist himself. Mr. COCKIN’s *portrait of Robert Hewitt* is forcible, quiet, and natural. Mr. WAGEMAN’s *pencil portraits* are faithful as to likeness, but hard in manner. Miss WORSHP’s *drawing* deserves very high commendation, as do also the *pen and ink drawings* done, as we understand, by Mr. FARNELL’s PUPILS. We close our account with Mr. SENDALL’s *Horses*, which are able, spirited, and natural. We are fully aware that our Catalogue Raisonné must necessarily be very imperfect. We are conscious also that we cannot do complete justice to all, and that we must have made omissions; but we have done all that time and space would allow. We avow that our endeavour is to encourage, not dispirit an enterprise so honourable to its undertakers, and so beneficial to the city in its effects upon the studies, habits, and tastes of our youth. “A sense of poetry,” says Mr. E. BULWER, in summing up his chapter on the Arts, is usually the best corrector and inspiration of prose—so a correspondent poetry in the national mind not only elevates the more graceful, but preserves also a noble and appropriate harmony in the useful arts. It is THE POETRY OF MIND which every commercial people should be careful to preserve and to refresh.” To no place can the remark apply more justly than to Norwich, and we hope it may tend to the encouragement of the Fine Arts generally amongst us.

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#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE are informed that the Society of British Artists have nearly completed their arrangements for a new Exhibition. We regret that we received this notice as we were about to go to press, and have been precluded from availing ourselves of the invitation of their secretary to visit the Exhibition before its opening. We shall, however, give an elaborate statement of the pictures in our next number. In the mean time we have no hesitation in saying, that the talent displayed at this exhibition induces us to intimate that the efforts of the Artists comprising this establishment deserve encouragement.

# METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL AT WALSALL,

STAFFORDSHIRE.

From Aug. 26, to Sep. 25, 1833 (inclusive).

The situation of Walsall is so near the centre of England, that its Temperature may be taken as the average of the whole kingdom.

Latitude, 52° 34' 30" N. Longitude, 1° 57' 0" W.

Thermometer in the shade, N.W. aspect.

Day of Month.	Moon's Age.	Fahrenheit's Thermometer.			Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Observations.
		8 A.M.	3 P.M.	9 P.M.			
1833.	Days.						
Aug. 26	10.9	55	65	54	29.88	N.	Fair.
27	11.9	57	67	55	29.74	W.	Fair.
28	12.9	62	69	62	29.85	N.W. by N.	Fair.
29	13.9	58	66	58	29.65	S.W.	Rather cloudy, rain in evening.
30	Full	56	56	52	28.90	S.W. to S.	Cloudy. P.M. rain with hard gales.
31	15.9	49	53	48	28.73	W. to N.W. by N.	Very hard gales, with rain at times.
Sep. 1	16.9	47	53	42	29.34	N.W.	Strong wind. Fair.
2	17.9	46	57	48	29.57	N.W. by W.	Light breezes, rather cloudy.
3	18.9	52	53	47	29.31	N.	Frequent showers.
4	19.9	49	54	45	29.80	N. to N.E.	Rather cloudy, showery at times.
5	20.9	47	58	53	29.90	N.E.	Fair.
6	21.9	57	58	54	29.99	E.	Rather cloudy.
7	3d qr.	52	60	54	29.90	N.E.	Fair.
8	23.9	51	57	53	29.80	N.E.	Cloudy with drizzling rain.
9	24.9	55	60	54	29.69	E.N.E.	Cloudy.
10	25.9	57	63	53	29.68	N.E.	Fair.
11	26.9	50	57	49	29.41	N.E.	A.M. rain. P.M. fair.
12	27.9	50	55	48	29.70	N. by W.	Heavy rain at night.
13	New	50	59	54	29.66	S.W.	Strong wind, fair.
14	1.1	50	62	50	29.52	S.	A.M. cloudy. P.M. fair.
15	2.1	50	62	50	29.52	S. by E.	Fair.
16	3.1	49	54	53	29.26	S.S.W.	Heavy showers at times.
17	4.1	52	58	53	29.20	S. by E.	Rather cloudy.
18	5.1	53	60	47	29.48	S. by E.	Heavy showers at intervals.
19	6.1	48	56	47	29.72	W. to N. by E.	A.M. showery. P.M. fair.
20	1st qr.	47	58	46	29.90	S.	Fair.
21	8.1	46	58	53	29.80	S. by E.	Early A.M. Foggy. P.M. fair.
22	9.1	54	61	56	29.63	S.E.	Cloudy.
23	10.1	52	61	54	29.30	S.E.	Fair.
24	11.1	56	57	56	28.95	N.W. by W.	A.M. heavy rain. P.M. strong wind, increasing to hard gales.
25	12.1	54	60	53	29.30	S.W. to S.S.E.	Showery.

		Deg.			Inches.
Greatest height of Thermometer, Aug.	28th, 3 P.M.	69	Greatest height of Barometer,	Sep. 6th	29.99
Least height of Thermometer, Sep.	1st, 9 P.M.	42	Least height of Barometer Aug.	31st	28.73
Range		27	Range		1.26

\*. A very sudden lowering of the barometer between the 29th and 30th August, succeeded by hurricanes from S. to N.W. by N.

